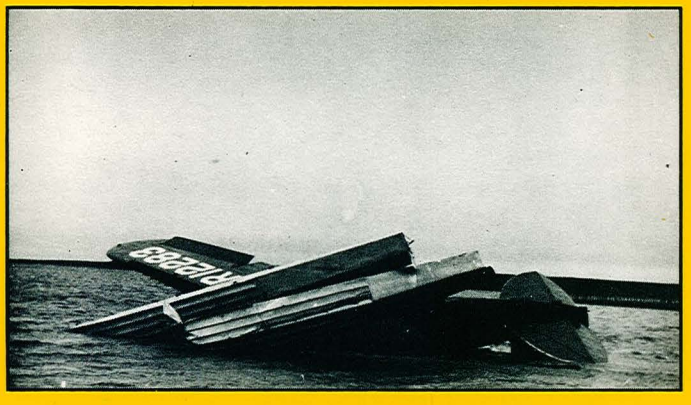
1985

The Pacific Historian, Volume 29, Number 1 (1985)

THE

Pacific Historian



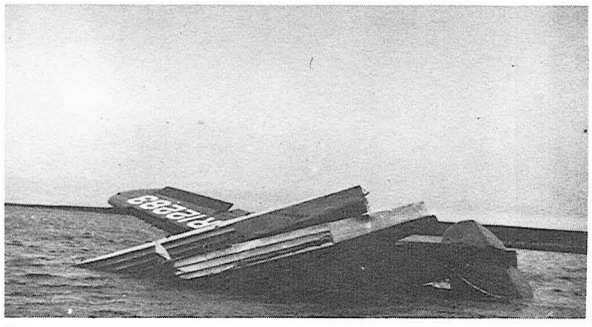
About our cover . . .

Smithsonian Institution

Wiley Post

Courtesy, The Will Rogers Memorial, Claremore, OK

Will Rogers



The Anchorage Museum

Plane crash

Our cover commemorates the 50th anniversary of the crash that took the lives of two beloved Americans — Will Rogers and Wiley Post. See "Sackcloth and Ashes of an Age: Will Rogers and Wiley Post at Barrow, August 15, 1935."

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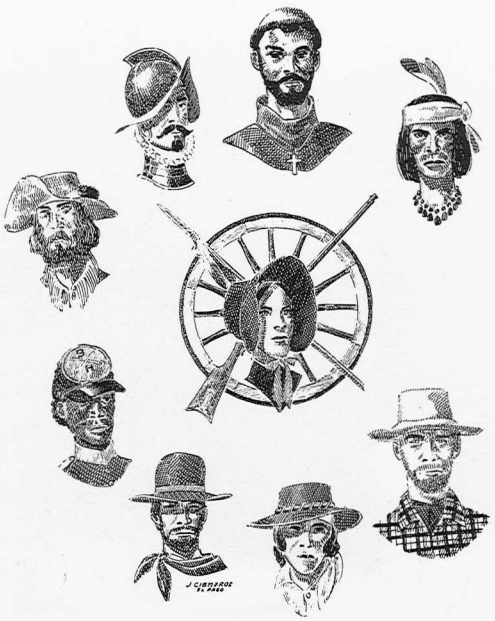
Volume 29, No. 1 Spring 1985



THE PACIFIC HISTORIAN (ISSN 0030 8676) is published quarterly by the Holt-Atherton Center for Western Studies at the University of the Pacific, Stockton, California 95211. Single copy, $5.00. Subscriptions, $20.00 per year ($3.00 per year extra outside U.S.). Manuscripts and communications from subscribers should be sent to the above address. THE PACIFIC HISTORIAN will consider, but assumes no responsibility for, unsolicited material. All such materials must be accompanied by return postage.

Courtesy of Ray Zirkel, San Mateo Times

Senator Joseph McCarthy waits for applause to die down after making a point during a speech delivered to a San Mateo County audience, February 10, 1954. See article by Vaughn Davis Bornet for an eyewitness account of that evening.

THE PACIFIC HISTORIAN

A Quarterly of Western History and Ideas

Spring 1985 Volume XXIX Number 1

University of Santa Clara Archives

Bernard J. Reid, circa 1861.

"THIS ITALY AND GARDEN SPOT OF ALL-AMERICA"

A FORTY-NINER'S LETTERS FROM THE SANTA CLARA VALLEY IN 1851

MARY MCDOUGALL GORDON

The well-known eastern journalist, Bayard Taylor, arrived in California in 1849 to report on El Dorado for the readers of Horace Greeley's *New York Tribune*. Walking south from San Francisco on his way to the coastal town of Monterey, Taylor first glimpsed the "vast and wonderful landscape" of the Santa Clara Valley. Ecstatically he wrote: "The soft, cloudless sky — the balmy atmosphere — the mountain ranges on either hand, stretching far before me until they vanished in a purple haze — the sealike sweep of the plain, with its islands and shores of dark-green oak, and the picturesque variety of animal life on all sides, combined to form a landscape which I may have seen equaled but never surpassed." Over a year later a forty-niner from western Pennsylvania, Bernard J. Reid, recorded a no less lyrical description of this "garden spot of All-America" in letters written home to his sisters.[1]

One western historian, Kevin Starr, has written that the gold rush as an epic experience was both Iliad and Odyssey. For thousands of goldseekers their California experience was an Iliad, a time of bewilderment and defeat. For the more fortunate it was an Odyssey, a time of hope and exhilaration. For all but a few months spent in the Santa Clara Valley in 1851, Bernard Reid's western adventure was his Iliad.

Born in 1823, Reid was the son of Irish-Catholic immigrants, and had grown up in Youngstown, Pennsylvania, a township about forty miles from Pittsburgh. His father, a surveyor and sometime schoolmaster, taught him advanced mathematics and surveying, and his uncle, the Reverand James Reid, educated him in the classics at a Catholic academy in Ohio. Before his sixteenth birthday the youth began teaching at schools near Youngstown and Pittsburgh. But in 1842 he followed an older brother to Clarion, a new

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Mary McDougall Gordon teaches in the history department of the University of Santa Clara. She has published in numerous western journals and is editor of Overland to California: The Gold Rush Journal of Bernard J. Reid *(Stanford University Press, 1983). At present she is editing another pioneering journal for Stanford University Press.*

town about sixty-five miles north of Pittsburgh, where the brothers published a newspaper, with Bernard serving as the editor. Three years later they sold the paper and Bernard became the county surveyor. In intervals between field work he read law with a Clarion attorney.

Responsible, industrious, religious and abstemious, Bernard Reid seemed the very model of a sober, middle-class citizen. Yet he was restless in the small Pennsylvania town and determined to see something of the rest of the country before settling down. Moving to St. Louis in 1847 to work in the surveyor-general's office, Reid was living in the frontier city when news of the gold strike in California reached the East late in 1848. Uneasy as he was, and living at the center of the exuberant preparations to cross the plains in search of gold, he seized the opportunity for the adventure of a lifetime. Though certainly interested in improving his situation by a lucky strike in the goldfields, the journey itself was the chief motive behind his decision to join the gold rush.

Innocently anticipating the leisure to explore the landscape, and to continue his study of French and the common law, Reid joined a commercial wagon train, the Pioneer Line, organized by two St. Louis entrepreneurs. This company, for the sum of two hundred dollars, promised to transport its passengers in comfort across the plains in the enticing but unlikely time of sixty days. The Pioneer Line with about 125 passengers left from Independence, Missouri, in May 1849. The overland journey was memorable for its sustained hardship and misfortune. Twenty-two of the wagon train's members died on the trail or shortly after their arrival at the goldfields, and only a few wagons and mules survived the ordeal of the passage. After most of the mules finally collapsed on the desert beyond the Sink of the Humboldt River, Reid, like most of the able-bodied passengers, trudged on foot over the Sierra Nevada. Arriving at the Weber Creek diggings near Sacramento on September 21, he recalled his trip across the plains as "a long, dreadful dream."

For a few weeks Reid panned for gold at Weber Creek with little enthusiasm or success. Mining, he wrote, was "very hard work for a little filthy lucre." On October 16 he sailed to San Francisco from Sacramento, and in the booming seaport he found intermittent work as a "rodman" for the city surveyor. Increasingly anxious about earning enough money to return home, however, Reid joined a "trading and digging" venture to the Southern Mines near Sonora in February, 1850. The money for goods was furnished by one of the partners, Walter Hawxhurst, an upright Quaker and a prosperous former storekeeper who, with his fifteen-year-old son Robert, had accompanied Reid on the overland journey. This venture was yet another disaster, and when the accounts were settled Reid found that he owed Hawxhurst over five hundred dollars. That obligation would shadow his life for nearly two years.

Seeking to recoup his losses, Reid turned to panning for gold in May, 1850, at nearby Woods Creek, a branch of the Tuolumne River that had been the site of "legendary" finds in 1849. Since his "slavish" work yielded no more than thirty dollars a week, he decided in August to join a company of forty men, formed to build a dam on the Stanislaus River in an attempt to mine the river bed. But water washed away the dam in September and another hopeful venture collapsed. As he tells us in the letters below, Reid soon after returned to San Francisco, hoping to find "more congenial" work.

In San Francisco more congenial work failed to materialized. Reid "shoveled sand" for four dollars a day, then moved on to work as a "roller boy" in a printing office. "Who ever heard of an 'Editor and proprietor' becoming a roller boy? *Sic transit gloria*," he wrote in November to his brother James.

At the end of the year, Reid reported to his family, poverty drove him to Santa Clara, a small settlement near an old Franciscan mission of that name and adjacent to the new state capital of San José. Hawxhurst had bought land there and opened a store near the mission. Hawxhurst, who planned to settle in California, offered Reid a share in the profits in return for help in the store and on the farm for one year.

It was only during the early months spent in Santa Clara that Bernard Reid expressed any joy or contentment during his western "exile." His gloomy perceptions of "a mercenary and hardened land" changed when he reached the rural valley, and in the letters reproduced below Reid describes those months as a time of hope and exhilaration.

Despite his wandering urge, Reid was a genteel young man accustomed to "the comforts of home and the luxuries of a civilized life." The social chaos of the lawless mining region near Sonora and the bleakness of his life in San Francisco dismayed the law-abiding and prudent easterner. But in Santa Clara Reid lived in a real house rather than a tent, passed the time of day with neighborly townspeople, and attended church regularly. His descriptions of the domestic round in the neat frame house he shared with Hawxhurst and his son Robert are almost sensuous in their delight with order and comfort. Engaged in tasks customarily assigned to women, three men sought to recreate the comforting rhythms of a conventional household.

Reid became intoxicated, too, with the beauty and serenity of his surroundings. His letters give us a more vibrant picture of the lovely valley than the one merely sketched for his readers by Bayard Taylor. Moreover, they record a slice of small-town rural life that is rarely associated with gold-rush California.

Yet Bernard Reid always remained an exile who longed for the ordered existence of his recent past. The familiar patterns of domestic life gave the Santa Clara household its special charm. He celebrated the beauty of the landscape, and he likened it to Italy, a foreign country he had never seen. But despite his knowledge of Spanish and his Catholic faith, Reid failed to appreciate or understand what seemed to him the exotic customs of native Californians. Their religious festivals were irreverent spectacles to a conventional product of Anglo-American culture, and he felt more comfortable in the parish church of San José, where the sermons were delivered in English, than in the brightly decorated mission church with its Mexican padre and congregation.

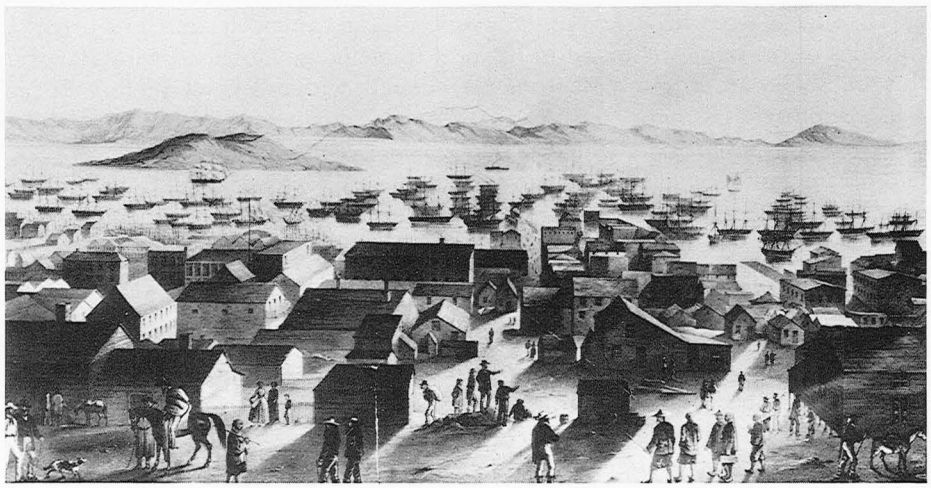
Thus the letters reproduced below are records of an observant, intelligent easterner who, contented as he was, nevertheless felt like a captive in "a beautiful prison." For a few short months Reid's western adventure became an Odyssey, but for him California remained a curious and alien land.

Santa Clara, California,
January 28th, 1851

Caras Hermanas mías,

. . . Since my last letter from the Stanislaus in September I have not had the slightest symptoms of sickness, although I was in San Francisco in the sickliest time when Cholera was marking its daily victims.[2] I am now in a valley justly noted for its salubrity of climate, and with proper care and favor of Heaven I hope to preserve my wonted good health. You will take me for a wandering "chiel" [child] surely, — so I am. After several wild-goose chases

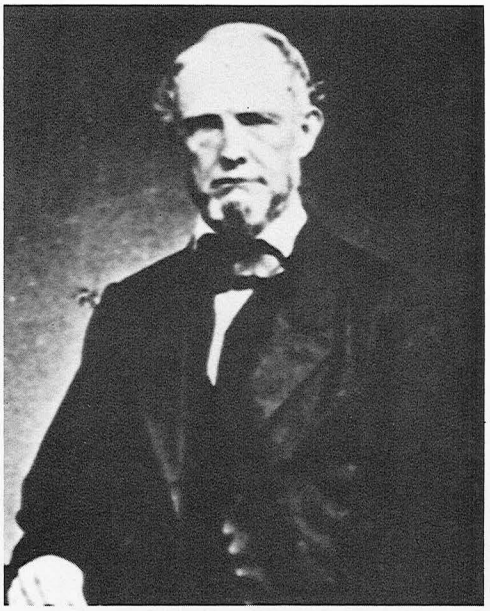
through this golden land — having trod over piles of treasure greater than those of Alladin's [sic] cave of the grotto of Monte Cristo — I find myself now a sojourner at the picturesque old Mission of Santa Clara situated in the great valley of that name, three miles from the Pueblo de San José, the present State Capital, nearly sixty miles by stage from San Francisco, and 6 miles from Alviso, or "el embarcadero," the head of navigation on the bay. And what has brought me here? My old friend Poverty who followed me faithfully through the mines, and would not desert me at San Francisco. I am surely under a debt of gratitude to him for bringing me to this delightful spot. I will not attempt to describe it — I am not adequate to the task — and if I were, you would discredit the picture, you would say it was too highly colored. I will therefore tell you how I got here and what I am doing.



California State Library, Sacramento

San Francisco in 1849 where Bernard Reid worked off and on during his time in California from 1849 to 1852.

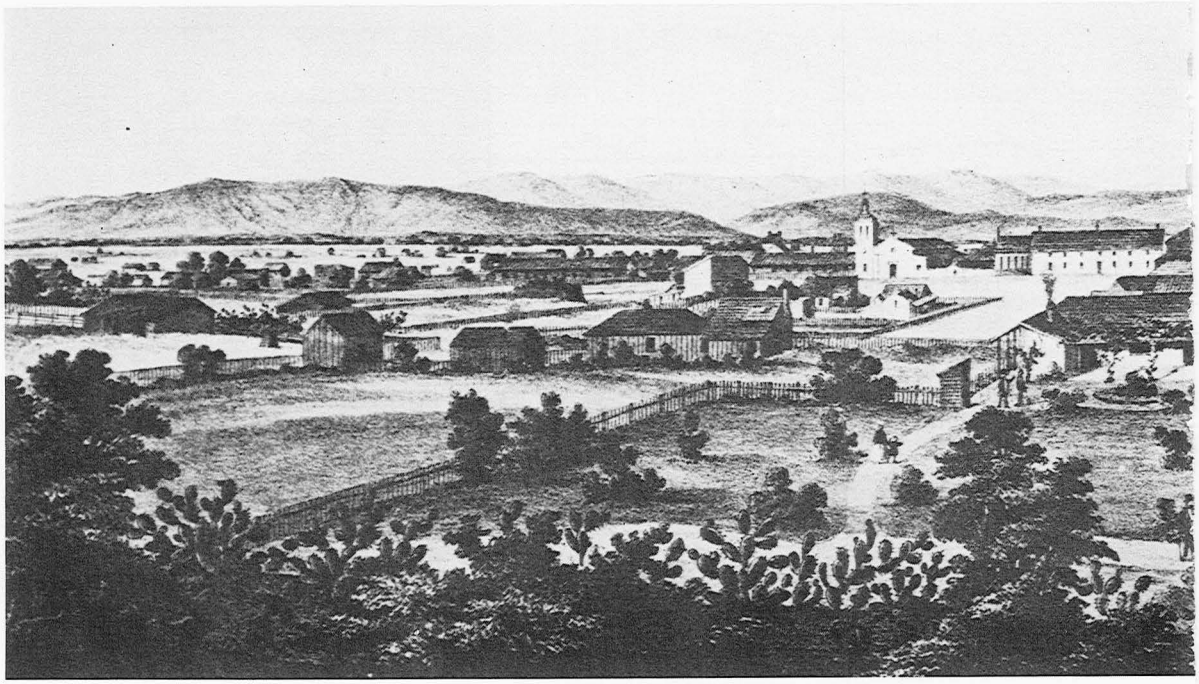
I must go back to the time of writing to James about the middle of November.[3] Wonder if he got that letter? If he did I suppose you know the substance of its contents — how our damming operation was a total failure — how I went back to Woods Creek and worked a month or so to dig up enough to pay up arrears of expenses and take me down to San Francisco — how I reached that city lame, ragged and penniless — *sans chapeau, sans habit, sans souliers, et sans bas* — almost *sans culotte*! In very truth I might say "all was lost but honor." The few decent clothes I left there in the spring were locked up in Mr. Hawxhurst's trunk, the trunk now stored with a stranger, and Mr. H. was away in Oregon. It required some diplomacy to get my clothes under the circumstances, but I needed them badly and I got them. That was the middle of October. I then visited San José with a view to getting into a job of Surveying. Gov. [Peter] Burnett said he would have some to do before long and gave me some encouragement to settle down and make a beginning. Alas he never dreamed that I had not even the means of buying instruments. He suggested that I would do well to get a piece of land and go to gardening. He said it would be the best business he could think of for an



Holt-Atherton Center, University of the Pacific

Peter H. Burnett, the first governor of California. He served from December 20, 1849, until his resignation on January 9, 1851.

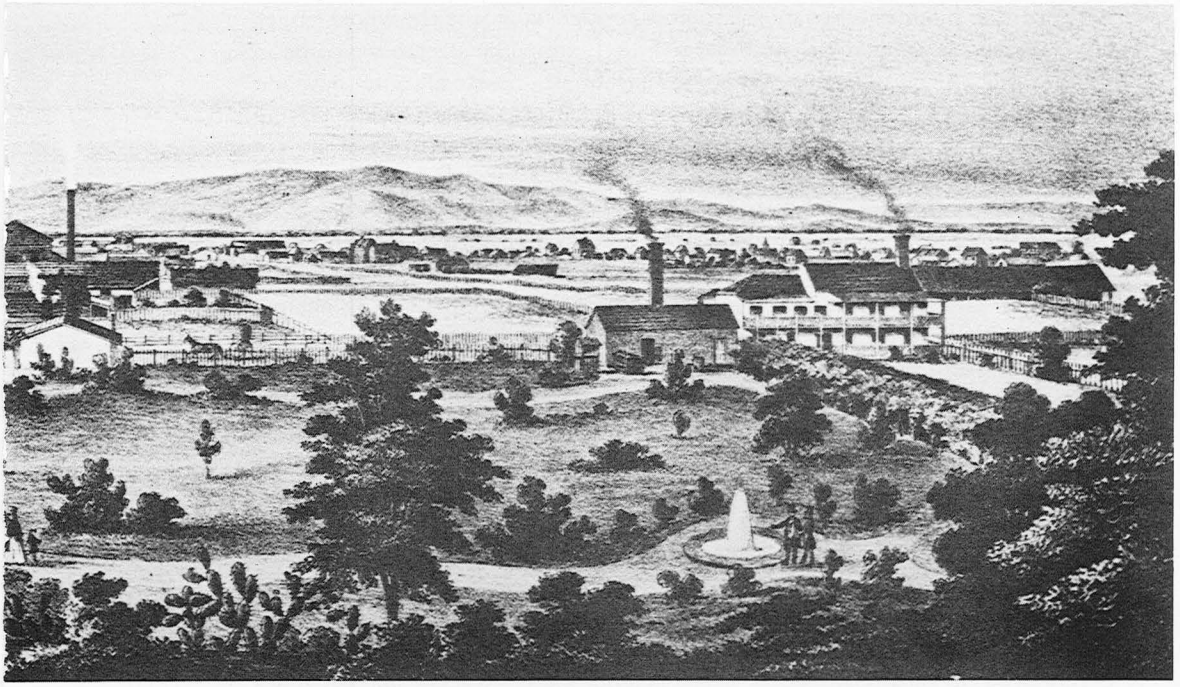
industrious young man. He said if I wished to try it he would sell me the land and wait two or three years for the money, without interest. This was very fair and kind indeed — but where was the money to come from for the fencing, the ploughing, and the seed? Here these things cost exceedingly — instance $10 per acre for ploughing, $2 to $3 a rod for the cheapest fence, and $25 for seed potatoes enough for an acre! I told the Governor I would consider it and see him again. I was very much prepossessed in his favor at that interview — it is well there are some such men in California, for God knows there are too many of a baser stamp. I was pleased with the valley too — it was far preferable to any spot I had before seen in California. I returned to San Francisco to seek some employment at which I might earn enough to buy surveying instruments — and also to look out for an acceptable partner with cash enough to avail ourselves of Burnett's offer — as it was an offer — not made to others.[4] Times were rather dull in the city, and employment of any kind was hard to get. The most accessible and generally the most profitable situations were such that I did not care to seek. The few grains of [gold] dust that I had brought from Woods Creek were about eked out, and well do I remember one fine morning after paying for my frugal breakfast I had nothing left wherewith to buy dinner. I scorned to borrow, and being lately from the mines I had not forgotten the use of the pick and shovel. I accordingly went to work digging out streets at four dollars a day. In three days I could make enough to pay for a week's board and the remaining three days of the week lay up a little. After working a week the contractor threw up the job and I was thrown out of work. In a few days a fellow boarder told me that he could get me work in a printing office if I would be willing to "roll." Of course I would roll cheerfully, or carry papers, — nay I could even stoop to be an editor again to earn my daily bread if necessary. Honorable labor,



Courtesy of the author

The "garden spot of all-America" — the Santa Clara Valley, 1856.

however humble, will dishonor no one. An upright man may add dignity to the meanest occupation. I was accordingly employed in the Picayune office to roll at night at about $45 per week according to the number of hours . . . .[5] Meanwhile my old friend and partner in journeys and disappointment, Mr. Hawxhurst, returned from Oregon, whither he had gone to see the country — determined now more than ever to settle down permanently in California, and send for his family. He visited the valley, liked it, bought property here, and went back to San Francisco and made me an offer to join him in cultivating it. He bought a house and half a block here in Santa Clara, and a settler's claim for 160 acres of land a mile and a quarter from town on the road to Alviso. There is a small frame house also on the claim. For this property he had paid $2000. He offered to take me in as a partner in farming and trading, for a year . . . . This was certainly a liberal enough offer, and I accepted it, for I had both confidence in the man and in the business. The only thing about it I paused upon was the *year* . . . I had hopes of turning homeward sooner that that — but fate seemed to bar up with serious obstacles the entrance to that bright path. You are aware of my indebtedness to Mr. H., the fruit of last year's enterprise. I could not wish to go home leaving such a debt behind me. His generous offer made me hope to free myself from that embarrassment and if fortune should favor me have a little left beside. And then I would be enjoying a delightful climate, good society, a comfortable independent home, & healthful exercise — I would see and know some of the country and be able to attend regularly at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. The year would not



seem *very* long I hoped — filled up and varied, and bright as it bids to be. Now do you think I was wrong in staying?

Well, to go on with my narrative . . . . Robert [Hawxhurst] came down from Sonora where he had been tending a store since August, and just about a month ago we took passage on a steamboat for this valley. We arrived that night at Alviso (a new town principally owned by Gov. Burnett) and next morning started on foot up the valley along the banks of the Guadalupe towards our new home. The sky was serene and sunny, the air was balmy and invigorating — the wide valley stretched out in a long vista before us clothed with fresh verdure, covered with heads of cattle, and dotted here and there with neat new farmhouses. Innumerable flocks of wild fowl flew hither and thither, and many a tiny songster with glossy plumage warbled out his notes of joy as though enjoying an eternal spring. Winter *here* seems not to hush a note in all that lovely harmony that elsewhere only comes from birds of summer. To the right and to the left, at a goodly distance, rose the bluetinted Sierras [coast ranges] that hem in the valley like a street. These with their varied outline, majestic height, and dark foliage relieve the level sameness of the valley and add a feature of quiet grandeur to the scene. There is no gradual rising and swelling of the plain into hill and mountain, such as we always see at home, so it is hard to tell where the one ends and the other begins; but the mountain starts up abruptly from the level greensward like a vast barrier intended by nature to defend the lovely Eden at its base. A line of trees and shrubbery points out the course of the meandering Guadalupe, and near the

base of either mountain lies another belt of timber extending the whole length of the valley. Further up as we diverge a little from the stream we come in view of Santa Clara. There we see some sixty houses nearly all quite new and painted white. They have been built by the Americans within a year. Rising from their midst and proudly pre-eminent is the venerable mission church of Santa Clara. Its white steeple and cross towering above its tiled roof and adobe walls point it out to the wayfarer as the prominent feature of the scene . . . . Most of the buildings that once encircled this flourishing mission are crumbled away.[6] The turf is green upon them but the outlines of their foundations are still distinctly visible. Here and there is a ruin still struggling against decay. A few have been preserved with care and present a striking contrast to the new white frames that have lately sprung up around them. Our house is very pleasantly situated in a lovely green spot, with neighbors near enough in all directions around it. It is two stories, lined and weatherboarded, with three rooms downstairs in one of which we have a store. Another we use for kitchen and sitting room, and the other for a pantry. Since we came we have papered all the rooms downstairs, and it looks quite snug. We have a pump at the door and excellent water. We have a good cooking stove in which we burn wood that is brought about three miles. We have comfortable bedding and furniture and keep bachelors' hall. Mr. H. and Robert do nearly all the cooking. Altogether we are quite at home and far more comfortably fixed than any of us have been before, since leaving home. We are getting some fencing and ploughing done, but don't expect to do much farming till winter is over — if indeed we are to have any winter at all this year. So far the season has been mild, sunny, and [more] delightful than any spring weather I ever saw. The birds sing from morning to night and not a cloud dims the sky. We have had only one short rain in 6 weeks, whilst last winter it rained more than half the time. The only apprehension now is that there may not be rain

Reid enjoyed his Sunday walks through The Alameda to Mission San Jose.

enough for the grass and crops — but I do not fear. February and March will make it up. Sundays I generally hear Mass in the old mission church here at 9 o'clock, and then walk over to San José in time for the last Mass and sermon there. It is a delightful walk — only 3 miles — and the whole way through an avenue [the Alameda] of willow and elm trees planted many years ago by the Monks of the Mission. In summer when the leaves are green it must make a lovely stroll . . . . The congregation [at the mission church] is comparatively small, consisting almost entirely of Mexicans and Indians. At San José . . . the congregation there is large and contains more Americans and Irish, though still is chiefly Mexican. It would be an odd sight for you to see over a hundred women . . . kneeling and sitting on mats and even on the bare floor. As there are no pews the American women have to follow the same primitive fashion . . . . Adios! mis queridas hermanas — las guarden los cielos, así siempre ruega su hermano

Bernardo[7]

Santa Clara, California,
March 12, 1851

Querida hermana mía,

. . . By my last letter . . . you have been informed . . . of our entry into this land of promise, this Italy and garden spot of All-America — of the singing birds, and the grassy sward, and balmy air, and the sunny sky . . . and the venerable Mission half in ruins, and the white spire and the far-spreading roof of tile, and the "Angelus" morning, noon, and night, and the vesper chimes, and the old frair in habit gray, and the new white dwellings of the Americans, and the sombre adobes of Los Californios, and the spacious orchard of a former century (whose crumbling walls were leapt by Bayard Taylor in search of antiquity and pears),[8] and the olives, and the figs, and the teeming vine, and the monstrous cactus . . . and the glossy ravens . . . . Of these things or most of them I spoke, as well as our bachelors' hall "right in town" fixed up snug and tidy to a fault, paled in, painted white, lined and papered, and laid off in rooms, and furnished with chairs and tables and luxurious cot-beds, and book shelves and separate shelves for individual "traps" [belongings], and nails for all our hats and all our trowsers, and a love of a cooking stove, and a fine pump at the door, and roller curtains home-made for the windows, and a solar lamp to read and write by, and the morning paper from San Francisco, and dishes washed three times a day and a place for everything and everything in its place, and all in apple-pie order, and boiled duds for Sunday done up nice for $3.50 a dozen and find the soap, and sundry other conveniences and luxuries in the way of living as have not fallen to the lot of any of us hitherto in this land of gold. Now don't you think we live tolerably comfortable considering? Then besides we are making a nice garden in the rear of the house in addition to our farm which is over a mile off, and we have a store in the front part of the house where we have all we

need ourselves and a good variety to sell. This affords us a little profit and enables us to see our neighbors when they call for molasses and calicoes, and gives me a chance to talk Castillian [sic] with the sunburnt sons and daughters of the knights of old Castile (few and far between alas are the resemblances to that proud lineage!)

The winter here is about over and we are very busy now preparing the ground for our crops so as to be ready for the harvest of hope. The winter did I say? . . . Indeed the weather has been too cruelly fine for the farmers — if more rain had been mingled with the sunshine their prospects would be much better than they are at present. Many are discouraged and leaving for the mines. Much of the land is too dry to cultivate. Ours is naturally moist, and we may be successful though others fail. This is an extreme dry winter as last winter was an extreme wet one — so having seen the two extremes I ought to have a pretty good idea of California weather. My health continues excellent. Who could sicken (bodily speaking) in such a season? What if now and then I do feel a little homesick? This disease though perhaps incurable is seldom fatal. And after an occasional reverie wrapt up with thoughts of home, a trip down to the farm, or stroll around the country, or a Sunday walk to San José, through the shady "Alameda," to hear a sermon there after being at early Mass here, these buoy up again my depressed spirits, and after the healthful exercise I am once more myself . . . .

You would probably like to know about the condition of religion here among the Spanish population. I don't know them intimately enough yet to be a good judge. A large portion of them seem very regular and devout in attendance at Mass on Sundays and festivals. On festivals they generally introduce some peculiar customs or observances that seem a little odd. On Epiphany, for instance, or "el día de los Reyes," they turn the church into a theatre (free entrance however) and represent a piece that Americans call *Killing the Devil* — with various characters — men, angels, devils — in appropriate costumes, not even omitting the tail of the latter dignitary. Joking aside I can't help but think that some of their customs are "more honored in the breach than in the observance."[9] I understand the old Franciscan friar here [at Mission Santa Clara] is soon to give place to Father Nobili, a Jesuit, now at San José, and formerly from Oregon. I think the change will do good. Father N. will be able to preach in English and other tongues — Padre Real never preaches or gives instruction. At least not since I came. The church here is a much larger and finer building than that at San José, but it seems to me more like what I had been accustomed to go to San José, which the fine weather has always enabled me to do on Sundays after hearing Mass here first. When Father N. comes I will be quite at home . . . .[10]

The church here [at the mission] is larger than St. Paul's at Pittsburgh, built of adobe, and roofed with old-fashioned tiles. It has a tower and spire with seven bells. Inside, the church is gaudily [rather] than handsomely decorated. There are five altars. No pews or seats. The women sit and kneel on the floor. Some have mats or rugs to sit on. With their dark rebozos wrapt around them and seated in groups over the floor they make an odd appearance. Not a bonnet is to be seen in church. The men display greater varieties of costume. Some have garments like Americans, in whole or in part, some have the Spanish cloak and sombrero — some have showy calz[o]neros (outside

University of Santa Clara Archives

Painting by Andrew P. Hill of the Santa Clara Mission in 1849.

> trousers) gaily buttoned down the sides — some wear the Chilean poncho — a blanket or serape thrown loosely across their shoulders. You can tell by the man's dress pretty nearly what class he belongs to — by the woman's you can tell nothing, for the poorest half-Indian is likely to wear as rich silks as the fairskinned heiress to twenty thousand — perhaps richer even . . . .[11]
>
> Adieu dear Mary
> May Heaven be with you,
> Your loving brother,
> Bernard.

Despite Bernard Reid's hopes for a rich harvest, the crops on the farm failed because of the dry spring. By midsummer Reid had repaid only $154 of his debt to Walter Hawxhurst, and the halcyon time in the valley had turned into days of "anxious toil." Once more he decided to return to San Francisco and, after some weeks of part-time menial labor, secured a post in August as a teacher in a parochial school. On January 3, 1852, Reid returned to Santa Clara to teach the young boys enrolled at Santa Clara College, founded on the site of the mission by his former Jesuit pastor in San José, Father John Nobili. With a regular salary of one-hundred dollars a month and free board at both schools, Bernard Reid saved money and made his final payment to Walter Hawxhurst on February 19, 1852. He continued to save, since he had determined to end "five years of wandering," return to Pennsylvania and "choose a calling and a settled home." Reid left Santa Clara for San Francisco at the end of July and sailed for New York via the Isthmus of Panama on September 1, 1852. He finished reading law in Clarion,

married, served as an officer in the Union army during the Civil War, fathered nine children, and became a respected attorney. Bernard Reid died in 1904 at the age of eighty-one.

In 1866 he had made his first trip back to California and spent some time visiting old friends in the Santa Clara Valley. Writing to his wife on August 13 of that year, Bernard Reid exclaimed: "O what a change in the valley since my time! Were it not for the everlasting mountains on each side I could not believe it the same I toiled in a generation ago!"

NOTES:

1. The letters reproduced here are in the Bernard J. Reid Papers, Archives, University of Santa Clara. For Reid's life see Mary McDougall Gordon, ed., *Overland to California With the Pioneer Line: The Gold Rush Diary of Bernard J. Reid* (Stanford, CA: Stanford University Press: 1983), introduction and afterword. Other sources used in the introduction to Reid's letters are Gordon, "Overland to California in 1849: A Neglected Commercial Enterprise," *Pacific Historical Review*, 52 (February 1983): p. 17-36; Kevin Starr, *Americans and the California Dream, 1850-1915* (New York, NY: Oxford University Press, 1973), p. 52; Bayard Taylor, *Eldorado: Or Adventure in the Path of Empire* (New York, NY: Alfred Knopf, reprint 1949), p. 96. Sources used in editing the letters include the Bernard J. Reid Papers; *Alta California*, 1851; Edwin A. Beilharz and Carlos U. López, *We Were 49ers: Chilean Accounts of the California Gold Rush* (Pasadena, CA: Ward Ritchie, 1976), p. 165; William Kelly, *A Stroll Through the Diggings of California* (Oakland, CA: Biobooks, reprint 1950); Gerald McKevitt, S.J., *The University of Santa Clara: A History, 1851-1977* (Stanford, CA: Stanford University Press, 1979); Dale L. Morgan and James R. Scobie, eds., *Three Years in California: William Perkins' Journal of Life at Sonora, 1849-1852* (Berkeley, CA: University of California Press, 1964); Manuel P. Servín, ed., *An Awakened Minority: The Mexican Americans* (Beverly Hills, CA: Glencoe Press, 1974).

2. Reid began studying Spanish upon his arrival in California, in the hope that it would be useful in the former Mexican province. Reid's letter from the Stanislaus River was written on August 23, 1850 (Reid Papers). Cholera broke out in San Francisco in October 1850. In the above letters I have omitted family news and some irrelevant or repetitious comments. Occasionally, without notice to the reader, I have changed punctuation in the interest of clarity.

3. Reid's letter to his brother James was written on November 11, 1850 (Reid Papers).

4. The printing office was that of the San Francisco *Daily Evening Picayune*.

5. Reid's uncle, the Reverend James Reid, had written to the first elected American governor, Peter Burnett, about his nephew; Burnett was a well-known convert to Catholicism. Burnett then wrote to Reid at Sonora (August 13, 1850, Reid Papers), inviting Reid to visit him in San José.

6. The mission had been founded in 1777 by Franciscans and for decades was the center of religious life in the valley. The mission declined after Mexico gained its independence and secularized the mission system in 1833.

7. The Spanish transulates as: "Goodbye! my dear sisters — may the Heavens guard you, so prays your brother Bernard."

8. Here Reid indicates that he has read Taylor's *Eldorado*, first published in 1850. But on p. 55, Taylor wrote that he picked pears at the mission in San José, not Santa Clara.

9. The correct quotation, from *Hamlet*, Act 1, Scene 4, is "more honoured in the breach than the observance." The Spanish term for Epiphany translates as "the day of the [three] kings."

10. Italian-born John Nobili, as he took over Mission Santa Clara for the Jesuits in May 1851, held the first classes of Santa Clara College.

11. Cf. William Perkins' description (p. 294) of the colorful Sunday dress worn by Mexican men and women in the mining town of Sonora, and William Kelly's observations (pp. 180-181) on the Mexican congregation at the church in San José.

SLAVERY IN CALIFORNIA REVISITED

THE FATE OF A KENTUCKY SLAVE

IN GOLD RUSH CALIFORNIA

ALBERT S. BROUSSARD

"Always in the past, going west had offered an escape, a new life to farmers, frontiersmen, pioneer settlers," wrote J.S. Holliday in his important study of the California gold rush. Indeed, the 1848 discovery of gold in California attracted migrants from across the continent and around the world. Fortune seekers from a border slave state like Kentucky, as those elsewhere, were influenced by the prospect of quick riches and a better life. An indeterminate number of Kentuckians were represented among California's miners. One Kentuckian, George McKinley Murrell, a twenty-four year old laborer, completed the arduous overland journey from western Kentucky to California in 1849 and set up operations on the north fork of the American River. Murrell's journey was unusual in one respect. A male slave accompanied him on the trip. While not the first slave or black Kentuckian to migrate to California, this bondsman and his relationship with Murrell illuminates several aspects of slavery in California. The interaction between master and slave underscores the acceptance of slavery in the mines, the similarity of California slavery to the institution in southern states (which permitted slaves to be hired out and work independently), and the mutual dependence of master and slave, as they worked against formidable odds to succeed in their mining enterprise.[1]

George McKinley Murrell was born into a comfortable slaveholding family in Bowling Green, Kentucky. His father, Samuel Murrell, was an influential planter who owned twenty-seven slaves in 1850, placing him among the largest slaveholders in Warren County. The elder Murrell also took an interest in county politics and was appointed "surveyor of the road from the East of Lucas Lane to the tip of the Knob" by a mandate of the Warren County Court.[2]

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The Huntington Library, San Marino, CA

George McKinley Murrell after his luckless California experience. Like many others Murrell left home in the spring of 1849 to travel overland to California in quest of gold. His five year story is chronicled in sixty-two letters written home to family and friends in Bowling Green, Kentucky. After two unsuccessful years in the mining fields and three more spent on various schemes and ventures George Murrell returned home in 1854 never having struck it rich. He returned to the family occupation of land ownership, married, raised a family and died in 1872 at the age of forty-six.

The younger Murrell shunned the career path of his father as a Southern planter, though the decision to stake out his own fortune had nothing to do with ambivalent attitudes toward slavery. "I would not give one good farm in old Kentucky for all the land from here to within 200 miles of the Moline," he assured his father shortly after his arrival in California. Murrell described his journey as the "most judicious step that I could have taken." Quickly putting aside any notion of pessimism after his arrival, he wrote that "California is not the country that it had been represented to be," but "there is plenty of gold here from what I have seen." The young southerner was confident that "we plan to rake in the gold dust."[3]

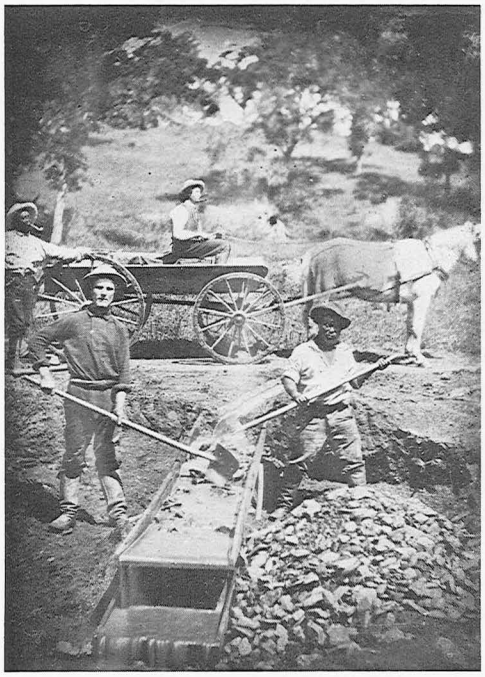
Murrell's correspondence also illustrates his slave Rheubin's contribution to the mining venture and the close knit relationship between master and slave. Rheubin was virtually indispensable in the mines. For more than a year, he worked on mining claims and was also hired out as a cook and laborer to local mining camps. "Rheubin set in as cook for an eating house this morning for $10 a day just as long as I am willing to let him stay," Murrell wrote his sister Mary Ann after spending six months in California. Similarly, Murrell informed his younger sister Maria that "I am remaining here a few days awaiting for Rheubin to come up from George Town where we will go out to our claim together." Apparently, Murrell hired out his slave during slack times to provide a source of income. Thus, the mutual dependence of master and slave and the exigencies of this pioneering

venture prompted Murrell as well as other slaveholders to accord their chattel enhanced degrees of freedom.[4]

Hiring out slaves was an established feature of the "peculiar institution." Yet Murrell's confidence in Rheubin's loyalty must have been extraordinary considering the fact that California entered the Union as a free state in 1850 and the California state constitution prohibited slavery. Though fugitive slaves were an uncommon sight in the state, their presence was noted on occasion by miners and travelers. While California's first governor and the state legislature had little sympathy with fugitive slaves, the state's black leadership and white sympathizers supported several fugitive slaves' quest for freedom.[5]

Murrell, however, expressed confidence in the fidelity of his slave. "Rheubin is going to stick to me like a brother," he assured his mother. Nor did time or economic hardship alter Murrell's perception of Rheubin's character. In a candid exchange with his uncle, Murrell wrote that Rheubin "still lives up to his profession as a Christian," and is "of great help to me in everything." Moreover, Murrell continued, he is "faithful, industrious, obedient and kind." Given these accolades, it was small wonder that Murrell wrote his sister after more than a year in the gold fields that "I have never had the least trouble with him" nor "do I anticipate having any." Instead, the young master affirmed that Rheubin "has won the respect of all who know him, and while residing in the midst of the most fanatical of the abolition party." Yet Murrell appeared unperturbed: "I do not think that their contaminating and poisoning principles has in the least weakened his fidelity and devotedness to me." These demonstrations of affection and respect for Rheubin were probably genuine, though tempered by the reality that Rheubin was also an integral part of the mining operation, though nonetheless, a slave.[6]

Rheubin's opinion of his master and California is considerably more difficult to evaluate. On the one hand, Rheubin also took pride in the mining operation. He "dislikes



California State Library, Sacramento

Unidentified black and white miners working together at Spanish Flat, California in 1852. Black miners made up only one percent of the population, and of this percentage a greater number were free men than slaves. Most came for the same reasons as the whites — seeking quick prosperity in the gold fields — and shared their portion of disappointments and lucky strikes.

the idea of coming home without [gold] even more than I do," wrote Murrell. Yet another characteristic theme ran throughout Murrell's letters which revealed that the slave's experience was marked by solitude. Rheubin's interaction with his master and the other white miners was not sufficient to keep the slave's spirit high. Instead, he desired the familiarity of the slave community and the companionship and security that it offered.[7] That, Murrell "wish[ed] the black ones [in Kentucky] to write occasionally to Rheubin for reasons that I have before stated," was probably a frank acknowledgement that blacks in California were few and far between. Few slaves or free blacks resided in California when Murrell and Rheubin arrived in 1849, and less than 1,000 free blacks were reported in the 1850 federal census.[8]

Whether Rheubin ever expressed his true feelings about California is unlikely. The young master wrote the slave's letters as they were recited orally, and he specified that "any letter written to him should come under cover to me." True, Rheubin's statements were influenced by the presence of a white master, but his oral recitations convey his restlessness and despair with California. "We expect to go to work in a few days and make something and get back as soon as we possibly can," he stated through his master. He added: "I don't think this country is near as good as old Kentucky. We are here now and it is root, hog, or die." He concluded by asking the elder Murrell to "give my love to all the family white and black. Tell them that I want to meet them all in a better world, if not in this."[9]

The slave grew increasingly weary of the mining venture and his dissatisfaction with California was apparent. After nearly eighteen months, Murrell conceded that Rheubin is "anxious to see you all again and will come whenever I say I think it is best to return." Similarly, Murrell wrote his mother that Rheubin "often speaks of going home" and "he is anxious to get back." Two months later, Murrell once again noted that "Rheubin is well and wished to come home next fall, money or no money, but not so with me." Murrell, however, was determined that he would remain in California until his luck improved. He apparently feared that failure would disgrace his name in the local community. "It is the general impression that I am not doing anything here and a great many look for me to return poorer that I came," he confided to his sister.[10]

Rheubin never got the opportunity to return to Kentucky, for he died while hired out in 1851. "I have not recovered Rheubin's body yet and I entertain but little hope of doing so," wrote a dispirited George McKinley Murrell. The slave's sudden death came as a shock to Murrell. He was generally described as possessing "excellent health" and had managed to avoid serious illness. While Rheubin did succumb to an occasional illness such as "bilious fever," Murrell assured his family that he had almost recovered and that there was no reason to be alarmed. Yet Murrell noted the presence of cholera in the gold fields, though he was not overly concerned for his own safety. The fact that Rheubin, however, was hired out as a cook to nearby towns and mining camps increased the slave's susceptibility to cholera and other infectious diseases.[11]

The experience of Murrell's slave suggest that some bondsmen perceived the West not as the "promised land," but rather as a barren frontier that removed them from the slave community, their companions, and the land of their birthright. These conflicting images reflect the different worlds of master and slave in gold rush California and throughout the nation. For Rheubin, and perhaps other slaves who were brought into gold rush California, the West did not represent an escape or a new life. Rather, while slaves might be afforded a degree of independence, their subservient status and their image as docile, faithful chattel did not change appreciably.

NOTES:

1. J.S. Holliday, *The World Rushed In, The California Gold Rush Experience* (New York: Simon and Schuster, 1981), p. 452; Rudolph M. Lapp, *Blacks In Gold Rush California* (New Haven, CT: Yale University Press, 1977); George M. Murrell to Samuel Murrell, March, 1849, George McKinley Murrell Papers, Huntington Library, (hereinafter cited as Murrell Papers); Phil Montesano, "A Black Pioneer's Trip to California," *The Pacific Historian* 13 (Winter 1969): 58-62; the precise number of Kentuckians who participated in the California gold rush is impossible to determine. Murrell and several scholars have noted the presence of Kentuckians in the mines. George M. Murrell to Samuel Murrell, May 21-23, 1851, Murrell Papers.

2. "Population Schedules of the Seventh Census of the United States for Warren County, Kentucky," MSS, United States Bureau of the Census; "Slave Schedules for Warren County, Kentucky, 1850, MSS, United States Bureau of the Census; *Seventh Census of the United States* (Washington, DC, 1853), pp. 608-611; *Warren County, Kentucky Court Order Book I, Part I, 1851-1858* (Louisville, KY: Filson Club Library); Helen Thomas, Mary Rabold and Elizabeth Price (eds.), *Warren County, Kentucky Marriages, 1797-1851* (Louisville, KY: Filson Club Library, n.d.); only Missouri averaged fewer slaves per owner than Kentucky. See Lowell Harrison, *The Antislavery Movement in Kentucky* (Lexington, KY: University of Kentucky Press, 1978), p. 3; Steven A. Channing, *Kentucky, A History* (New York: W.W. Norton and Company, 1977), pp. 46-51. Ivan E. McDougle, "Slavery in Kentucky, 1792-1865," *Journal of Negro History* 3 (July 1918): 211-328; J. Winston Coleman, "Papers of Slavery," MSS, University of Kentucky Library, Special Collection; *The Bowling Green and Warren County Kentucky Immigration Society* (Park City, KY: Daily Times Print, 1885).

3. George M. Murrell to Samuel Murrell, September 17, 1849 and March 1849, Murrell Papers.

4. George M. Murrell to Mary Ann Murrell, April 1-4, 1850; George M. Murrell to Sandy A. Gossom, April 24, 1850, Murrell Papers.

5. *California State Constitution of 1849*, Art. 1, Sec. 18; Rudolph M. Lapp, "Negro Rights Activities in Gold Rush California," *California Historical Society Quarterly* 45 (March 1966); 3-20; Lapp, *Archy Lee, A Fugitive Slave Case* (San Francisco: Book Club of California, 1969); Lapp, *Blacks in Gold Rush California*, pp. 131-34. Delilah L. Beasley, "Slavery in California," *Journal of Negro History* 3 (January 1918): 33-44.

6. George M. Murrell to Elizabeth R. Murrell, October 5-17, 1849; Murrell to Eliza Murrell, June 7, 1850; Murrell to Johnston Dysort, June 20-25, 1850; Murrell to Mary Ann Murrell, November, 1850, Murrell Papers.

7. George M. Murrell to Samuel Murrell, July 19, 1850; Murrell to Sandy A. Gossom, December 28-January 12, 1850-51; Murrell to Samuel Murrell, December 5, 1850; Murrell to Sandy A. Gossom, April 24, 1850; Murrell to Maria Murrell, January 1, 1850, Murrell Papers.

8. Hardy Frye, "Negroes in California From 1841-1875," *San Francisco Negro Historical and Cultural Society Monograph*, vol. 3 (April 1968); *Preliminary Report on the Eighth Census, 1860* (Washington, DC, 1862), pp. 2, 130; John Bigelow, *Memoirs of the Life and Public Services of John Charles Fremont* (New York: Derby and Jackson, 1856), p. 153; Gen. John Bidwell, *Echoes of the Past About California* (Chicago: Lakeside Press, 1928), pp. 260-63.

9. George M. Murrell to John Grider, August 24, 1850; Murrell to Samuel Murrell, July 1, 1850; Murrell to Samuel Murrell, October 4, 1849, Murrell Papers.

10. George M. Murrell to Mary Ann Murrell, November 8, 1850; Murrell to Elizabeth Murrell, February 15, 1851 and April 13, 1851; Murrell to Samuel Murrell, December 5, 1850.

11. George M. Murrell to Samuel Murrell, July 1, 1850, February 23-March 8, 1851; May 21-23, 1851; Murrell to Sandy A. Gossom, December 28-January 12, 1850-51; Murrell to Elizabeth Murrell, April 13, 1851; Murrell to Mary Ann Murrell, November 8, 1850, Murrell Papers; Holliday, *The World Rushed In*, pp. 314, 322, 328, 370-73, 380-81.

Holt-Atherton Center, University of the Pacific

Leaving his San Joaquin Valley ranch in the care of his brother, D.J. Locke returned to Massachusetts to marry one of his former students, Delia Marcella Hammond. On July 1, 1855, Dr. Locke brought his new wife back to Lockeford where they set up housekeeping and started a family. Besides attending to her growing family responsibilities Delia faithfully kept a daily journal from the day of her wedding to almost the time of her death. Above is Delia with three of her thirteen children.

"HI-HO! COME TO THE FAIR!"

EARLY CALIFORNIA FAIRS

EDITED BY
MARCELLA THORP EMERICK

Annual agricultural fairs, cattle shows and domestic exhibits have been part of American social and agricultural life since they were first authorized by the director and council of New Netherlands in 1641. It is therefore no surprise to find that county and state fairs were planned and developed early in California. Many New Englanders who settled in the California Central Valley were experienced fair participants. In Massachusetts, agricultural town fairs dated back to 1807, when Pittsfield held the first in a long series of annual exhibits. After 1810, state fairs were annual events in the Bay State, and other states followed suit. Nineteenth-century exhibitions encouraged various crafts and promoted sophisticated farming practices. They also provided a time and place to socialize.

Transcriptions from the daily journals of Delia Marcella Locke (1836-1923), wife of Dean Jewett Locke, M.D., of Lockeford, San Joaquin County, California, recorded the importance of and interest in such early local events by these former New Englanders. Mrs. Locke's first notation on this subject was in October, 1856, when Dr. Locke's former associate in the Boston-Newton Overland Company, Benjamin Burt of Drytown, came

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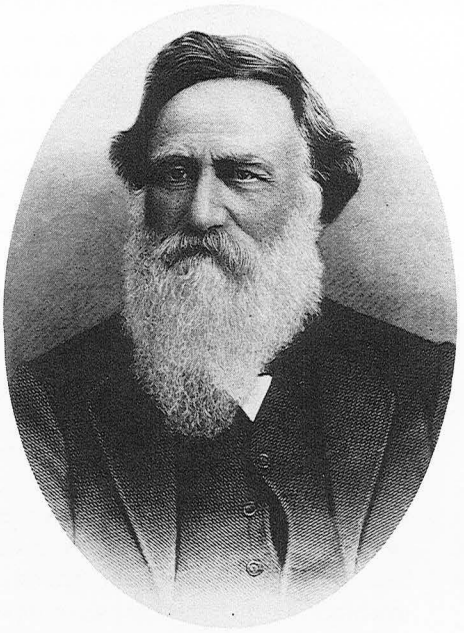
Delia Marcella Thorp Emerick is the thirty-eighth grandchild and namesake of Delia Hammond Locke, from whose journals Mrs. Emerick has transcribed this and other articles. She formerly taught in San Joaquin County and Stockton city schools, and has completed a career of twenty-eight years with the Central Dauphin District of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. Her parents were Theresa Locke and the former state assemblyman James E. Thorp of Lockeford, California.

to the valley en route to a State Agriculture Society exhibition being held in San Jose. The society, which had organized in Stockton in 1855, held a State Agriculture Fair in September of 1857. Mrs. Locke's journal records her impressions of it:

> Sept. 20, 1857 — We left early for town taking two hours to drive there [to Stockton was eighteen miles] from Mr. Staples' ranch. It was more comfortable for me to ride in Mr. Burt's express wagon with that gentleman and his wife also going there. Elmer [Dean's younger brother] and Miss Shackford and our little ones also rode with us, and Mrs. Shackford rode with Dr. in our gig. We proceeded to the race course where ladies were to ride for a premium. We went up to the second story of the building near the track. There were three ladies and one little girl that rode, but I saw nothing of it as the place was so crowded. A great number of ladies were cheering them on and a *few* gentlemen. I had to pay close attention to Luther [less than two years old] so could not get into a spot to view the activity.
>
> At the Court House Square, where we went next, we saw the fruit and vegetable exhibition in the Agricultural Pavilion. The fruit on display was the nicest I ever saw in my life. One apple measured 15 inches in circumference and weighed 33 ounces. Pears were nearly as large, and there were very fine grapes, figs and pomegranates. The vegetables were mammoth size. One squash weighed 262 pounds. There was a row of six of them, the smallest weighed 155 lbs. Stalks of hemp and corn reached heights of 17 feet. Potatoes and onions were all extremely large.
>
> I saw two washing machines on exhibit; one was for watering stock, in which the animals might raise the water level without help.
>
> There were tables filled with beautiful flowers, plants and showboxes filled with mineral specimens. There also were very fine paintings exhibited and a freak of nature — a kitten with one head and two bodies preserved in spirits very nicely.
>
> In other rooms we saw specimens of butter and cheese in various forms and shapes. There were also tables filled with loaves of bread. A premium of fifty dollars had been awarded to the maker of the best loaf.
>
> I particularly enjoyed specimens of needlework; embroidery and bed quilting; and a lady at work at a sewing machine which I had not before seen. She indeed did stitching neatly and rapidly. The price was 100 dollars.
>
> After a night's lodging at our hotel, we spent the second day at the gardens of Mr. Charles Weber. Here we were helped freely to some very fine grapes and figs. The flower gardens were beautiful.
>
> Later Dr. and I left Luther in the care of the Shackfords so that we might see the livestock exhibition at the race track. It was really fine. We saw an ox weighing 2025 lbs.; good looking cows, calves and colts and many fine fowl and pretty pigeons. The wind had started blowing a gale which made it rather uncomfortable, so we ate our dinner [noon meal] and prepared for our journey home. Others of our party staid until the next day.



Holt-Atherton Center, University of the Pacific

Dean Jewett Locke was like many men who came to California in 1849. His original intentions had been to settle in the East and pursue the medical profession, but he was drawn by the excitement of the gold rush to venture overland to California. After a short time he gave up mining and purchased land in the San Joaquin Valley. He remained there as the town's leading citizen until his death in 1887.

According to the *Illustrated History of San Joaquin Co.*, 1890, this early agricultural society was weak and did not again sponsor a fair until 1860 when officers and local citizens determined to have a fair in Stockton that would excel that of the State Fair Society in Sacramento. An exhibition was held in 1859, and it was voted in 1860 to continue it as an annual event.

Delia Locke's journal records the Locke family attending the first State Fair in Sacramento on September 16, 1859, a few days after it opened. They now had three small children, but only the baby, two-month-old Nathaniel Howard (later a life-long State Fair exhibitor of prize-winning Jersey cattle), traveled with his parents to Sacramento to experience his first fair.

> We went in the wagon with nothing of much interest occurring till we were within a half-mile of Mr. Hicks' on the Cosumnes River, when one of the forward wheels of the wagon came off, and we were obliged to get out. Taking the babe in my arms, I walked to Mr. Hicks' house and asked if I might sit and rest me there until the wagon was mended. This request was granted and some little girls — grandchildren of Mr. Hicks — were very attentive to me giving me grapes and other fruit. Sometime before sunset we arrived in the city without further incident — a journey of nearly forty miles. It was with some difficulty that we found a lodging place as the city is so full of strangers. Accomodations are scarce. We at last found a room at the Noyes House fronting the Plaza and kept by R.T. Robinson. I felt thankful indeed for a place where I could rest my weary limbs and wash off the dust.
>
> This evening we have been to the Agricultural Hall to see the show. This hall has just been erected and is not yet quite finished. It is said to be the largest hall in the United States unsupported by columns. It requires over

three-hundred gas burners to light it . . . to be nearly as light as day. The building is of brick and is truly an ornament to the city and very creditable to the County. In the Hall is a beautiful fountain and the glasses used for drinking water were constantly in use. At one end of the Hall, high up on the wall is a life-like painting of emigrants crossing the plains in 1849. They are on the desert with an ox-team, and one of the oxen has become faint for lack of water and fallen to the ground. One of the men is trying to make him drink from a basin, while all are looking on so intently for fear they are to lose one of their main dependencies.

The baby we left in charge of the landlady at the Noyes House.

Sept. 17 — Saturday. Dr. and I went out to the cattle grounds to see stock on exhibition. We left the babe today with our friends at Mr. Warren's. We saw some very fine sheep and horses, but the cattle and pigs were not extra. At the race-grounds yesterday, one of the riders — a lad of fifteen — was thrown and instantly killed. Another boy was also injured. There were thousands of people at the cattle grounds today. After dinner, we went again to the Hall. The fruit exhibition is very fine indeed, and there is plenty of it. We looked at stereoscopic pictures by Vance and Webb which were indeed beautiful. The greater part of the afternoon was spent by us examining sewing machines of which there are seven types on exhibition. I wish much to have one.

In the lower hall area, we saw two enormous cheeses weighing 680 and 750 pounds respectively. They were said each to have been made from a single day's milk. The vegetables were not as large as those we saw at the Fair in Stockton but were of good size. We saw some beautiful hives of bees which would grace the parlor of a mansion as well as a cottage.

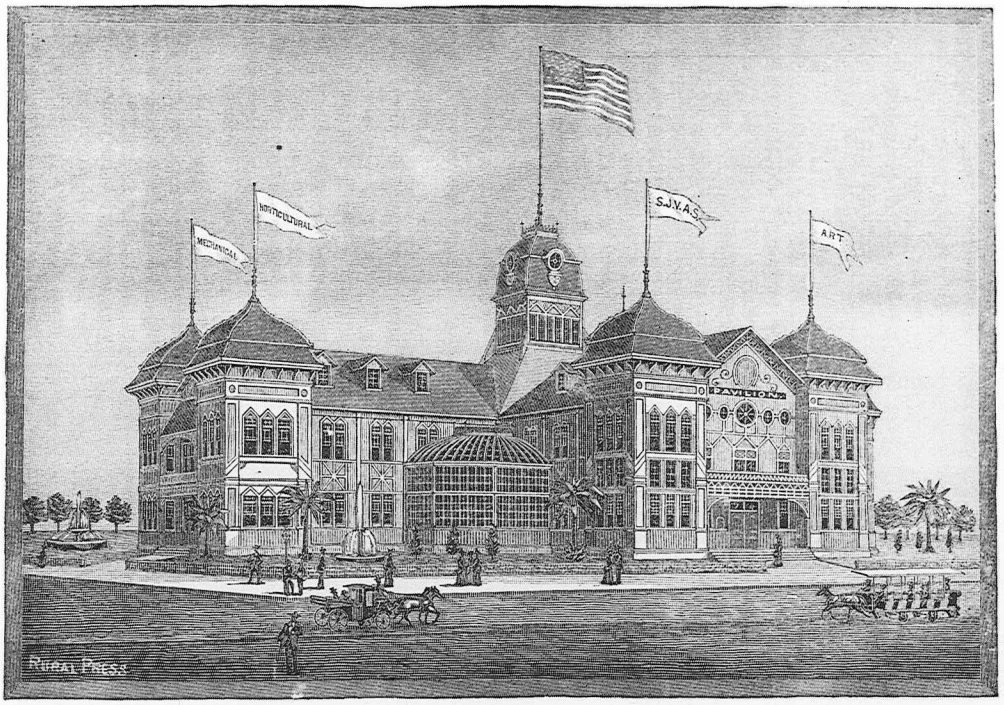
There was also a printing press in operation, the first I ever saw. There they printed the "State Fair Gazette," a small sheet having the programme of exercises for the day in it and other news.

Two steam engines were also in operation, and we also saw a fire engine and some fine carriages.

Sept. 19 — Monday. This morning we went to Warren's again where Sister Susie and George Locke (from the Locke Ranch) had just arrived. Leaving the baby there, Susie and I went to the Hall, while Dr. and Brother George went to attend to some business matters. We went to the picture gallery where there are many beautiful views of the Yosemite Valley and Falls portrayed. We returned to Mr. Warren's where we had left the babe, and after dinner, we packed our trunk, said our goodbyes and started for home arriving after dark. Flashes of lightning lit up the horizon since sunset, and we had quite a shower for a little time. The rain might have been refreshing but occurred just in time to cause the dust which lay thick on our clothes to stick to them. However, we were very glad to reach home safely.

The first San Joaquin Valley Agricultural Society Fair began on August 28, 1860, on sixty acres it purchased that year, which was augmented by an additional adjoining sixty acres deeded to the society by Captain Weber.

Mrs. Locke's entry regarding this event was brief (Aug. 29, 1860): "The first San Joaquin Valley Fair has commenced in Stockton and Dr. has been in and attended today. He says there is not much very interesting on exhibition." But Dr. Locke attended again two days later, primarily to hear a Republican party lecturer.



Holt-Atherton Center, University of the Pacific

In competition with the California State Fair held in Sacramento, the San Joaquin Valley Agricultural Society built this lavish pavilion as an exibition hall for its own annual fair held in Stockton.

The State Fair in Sacramento that year was noted in the journal but Mrs. Locke gave no indication of Locke family participation. However, in 1861 the second annual San Joaquin Valley Agriculture Society Fair opened on September 10, and Dr. Locke attended and arranged for his wife to accompany him.

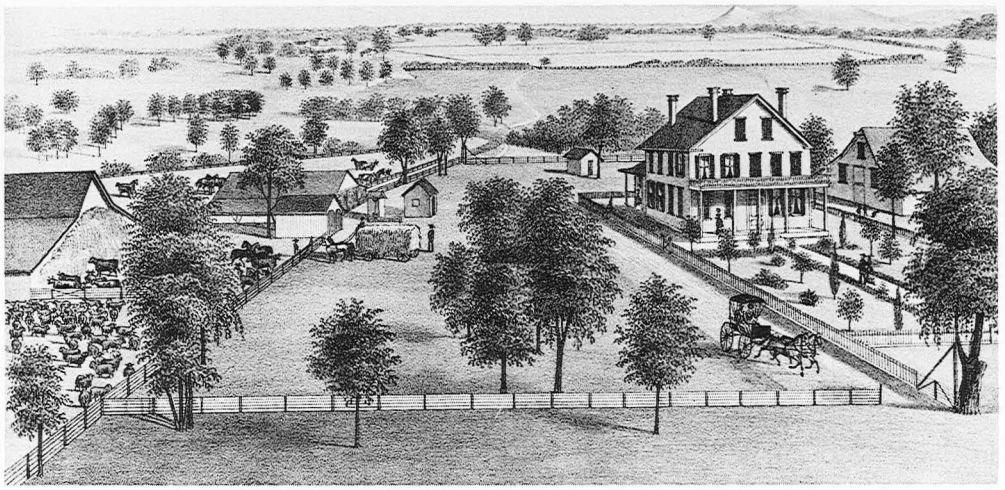
> September 11, 1861 — Wednesday. This morning I started for Stockton in company with Dr. Locke, brother Horace Hammond, Mr. Hyers, Luther and Ada. We left the babe [now a fourth child in their family] with Aunt Hannah Holden and Howard with Sister Susie. We dined at Mrs. Kerr's (widow of Dr. W.R. Kerr, leader of the Son's of Temperance movement in the Stockton area) and she accompanied us to the Fair. She is a very pleasant lady.
>
> We first drove to the stock ground as Dr. had brought along our colt "Bill" for exhibition. There we remained to see the racing, pistol shooting, &c. We also saw English ferrets, very pretty creatures, and useful in destroying squirrels and gophers, &c., which infest and do damage on our farms.
>
> We next went to the Society's Hall which is a new one recently erected. We found it fitted up quite prettily for the show.
>
> Almost the first thing that interested me was a beautiful fire engine, silver mounted and highly ornamented. Fruit and vegetables were very nice. Two squashes weighed 172 and 190 lbs. One apple weighed one lb. and a half (24 oz.) There were also beautiful specimens of needlework and crotcheting. None of Wheeler and Wilson's sewing machines were in the Hall.*

There was one table fitted up by the people in the Insane Asylum. Most of the articles were made in very curious style showing that strange fancies had been at work.

We remained over night at Mrs. Kerr's. She has an abundance of very fine grapes some of which were on exhibition.

Sept. 12, 1861 — Early this morning we started again for the fair; this time Mrs. Kerr's daughter, Emma, accompanied us. We rode to the stock ground and soon witnessed a quarrel between John Kerr and a larger boy, in which John stabbed the other boy in the shoulder. Mrs. Kerr is much pained at the unruly conduct of her son.

After seeing a trotting exhibition, we went once more to the Hall for a short time. We took dinner at Mrs. Kerr's and soon after started for home, arriving before sunset.



Holt-Atherton Center, University of the Pacific

Residence and farm of the Locke family.

The California State Fair quickly became a well-established event, and Dr. Locke's father, who had come from Langdon, N.H., in 1855, was anxious to attend.

Sept. 17, 1861 — Tuesday. Father Locke has started for Sacramento today to attend the State Fair in company with Brother George and Susie. This is the first fair he has attended in the six years of residence here, his health never having been quite as good before now so that he could attend.

He likes California very well after seeing such extensive exhibits.

Luther Locke, father of Dean Jewett Locke, adopted California as his home for his remaining years. He became the first postmaster of the village of Lockeford, appointed on August 8, 1861.

San Joaquin County and State Fairs have continued as a Locke family interest and involvement for six generations. Chester M. Locke is currently an active participant for the Locke Ranch in the California State Fair's 100-Year Club.

SOURCES:

Curti, Shryock, et al. *An American History*, Vol. 1: N.Y. Harper Brothers, c. 1950, p. 318.
Kane, Joseph N. *Famous First Facts*, N.Y. The H.W. Wilson Co. c. 1957, p. 188.
Lewis Pub. Co. *Illustrated History of San Joaquin Co.* Chicago, c. 1890, p. 123, pictures the Court House Square Agricultural Pavilion.
Locke, Chester M., Locke Ranch: P.O. Box 84, Lockeford, CA 95237.
Locke, Delia Marcella Hammond Journals, unpublished MS 110L-H Univ. of Pacific, Holt-Atherton Center for Western Studies.

*A Wheeler and Wilson sewing machine had been purchased for $85.00 in July of 1860 for the Locke household.

CAMINETTI AND DIGGS HELD BY FEDERAL COURT

Arrested by United States Marshal for Violating the Mann White Slave Act

PRELIMINARY EXAMINATION IN SAN FRANCISCO

By Taking Sacramento Girls Out of State the Elopers Fell Foul of Federal Law

By United Press to Record.

SACRAMENTO, March 18.—Maury I. Diggs and Drew Caminetti are in the hands of the federal government for trial under the Mann white slave act.

Before
taken be
who, at
District
bonds t

CALIFORNIA—MONDAY, MARCH 17, 1913.

ELOPERS IN FOR IT

PROSECUTED AS WHITE SLAVERS

SACRAMENTO MEN ARE IN A SERIOUS FIX NOW

Federal Government to Prosecute Them Under the Mann White Slave Act

By United Press to Record.

AN FRANCISCO, March 17.—Flat
laration that he would prosecute
ury I. Diggs and Drew Caminetti,
prominent Sacramentans who
ed to Reno from the capital city
h two society girls, for violation
the Mann white slave act, was
le here today by United States Dis-
t Attorney McNab. Warrants for
two men, McNab said, would be
rn out this afternoon.

CAMINETTI AND DIGGS HELD BY COMMISSIONER

By United Press to Record.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 27.—Action binding them over to the United States district court was taken here today by United States Commissioner Krull in the case of Maury Diggs and Drew Caminetti, prominent Sacramentans, who appeared before the commissioner on a white slave charge. They are accused of enticing two young Sacramento girls, Lola Norris and Marsha Warrington, to Reno, Nev.

Diggs and Caminetti waived preliminary examination and were placed under $10,000 bonds each.

DROPPED FROM N. G. C.

SACRAMENTO, March 27.—Drew Caminetti, the son of a distinguished father, State Senator Caminetti of Amador county, is today an outcast from the service of his state, having been dropped from the National Guard. His wife and two children, whom he deserted, have returned to their former home in Amador county, and Mrs. Caminetti will sue for divorce.

Diggs' wife, it is reported, is considering a reconciliation with her faithless husband, and this, in spite of the fact that Miss Warrington, with whom he ran away, is reported to be in a delicate condition.

MYSTERIOUS WOMAN

The mysterious woman in black is proving a big sensation at the Garrick. She will be the feature there all the rest of the week. Have you seen her on horseback, riding Stockton's streets? As to who she is is a matter of mystery.

ELOPING GIRLS DROPPED FROM OMEGA NU SORORITY

ELOPERS BAILED; GO INTO HIDING

Diggs and Caminetti to Have Hearing Before Commissioner Krull

By United Press to Record.

SACRAMENTO, March 18.—Ma
I. Diggs and Drew Caminetti, the
married men who eloped with soc
girls of this city to Reno, are at
erty here today, each under $10
bond to appear before United St
Commissioner Krull at San Franc
on March 27th. They will answe
two charges each, one of having
tained transportation for the
girls—Lola Norris and Marsha W
rington—from this city to Reno,
the other of having induced and
cited the girls to leave their home

The bondsmen for Caminetti
Attorney Frank Freeman of Will
and Assemblyman William A. Do
of San Andreas. He was relea
shortly after 5 o'clock last even
and his partner in the escap
Diggs, secured bondsmen at 9 o'cl
when his uncle, J. A. Marshall,
rived in the city on a late train
signed his name with that of I.
Diggs, father of the young man.

The two men are in seclusion
the girls with whom they eloped h
not left the privacy of their ho
since they were brought back by
police from Reno last Saturday.

ELOPERS CAUGHT IN RENO TODAY AND EXTRADITED

Sacramento Married Men and Society Girls Masquerading as Married

ALL FOUR PROBABLY WILL BE JAILED

Maury Diggs, Drew Caminetti and Marsha Warrington and Lola Norris Arrested

By United Press to Record.

SACRAMENTO, March 14. — Arrested in Reno, Nevada, where they were masquerading as married, Maury I. Diggs, Drew Caminetti, son of Senator Caminetti and also married, Marsha Warrington and Lola Norris, Sacramento society girls who eloped with them last Sunday night, will be brought to Sacramento for

Diggs-Caminetti case headlines.

THE DIGGS-CAMINETTI CASE OF 1913 AND SUBSEQUENT INTERPRETATION OF THE WHITE SLAVE TRADE ACT

NORBERT MACDONALD

The first count of an indictment filed against F. Drew Caminetti charged that

> On the 15th day of January in the year of our Lord, One Thousand Nine Hundred and Thirteen in the city of Sacramento in the State and Northern District of California, then and there being, did then and there wilfully, knowingly, feloniously and unlawfully transport and cause to be transported, and aid and assist in obtaining transportation for and in transporting in interstate commerce, from Sacramento in the State and Northern District of California, to Reno in the state of Nevada over the line of railroad of the Southern Pacific Company, a certain girl, to wit: one Lola Norris, for the purpose of debauchery and for immoral purpose to wit: that the aforesaid Lola Norris should be and become the concubine and mistress of the said defendant . . . .[1]

A similar indictment charged that Maury Diggs "wilfully, knowingly, feloniously and unlawfully" transported one Marsha Warrington "for the purpose of debauchery and for immoral purpose."[2]

These charges highlighted a series of events that dominated Sacramento's local news for over a year. Newspapers throughout California covered developments, ramifications were felt in the Justice Department and in Congress, and President Woodrow Wilson himself was interested and concerned.[3] Most significant of all, subsequent decisions by the U.S. District Court, the U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals, and the U.S. Supreme Court would establish precedents that would be sustained for over thirty years. By the 1980s the Caminetti ruling was a tattered, forgotten concept, but it has never been formally rejected, and points of law arising from that case are still cited and followed.

Norbert MacDonald is an associate professor at the University of British Columbia where he teaches modern American history. He has published in the Canadian Historical Review, Pacific Historical Review, Pacific Northwest Quarterly, *and* B.C. Studies. *At present he is working on a comparative history of Seattle and Vancouver.*

Both Drew Caminetti and Maury Diggs were well known in Sacramento social circles in the spring of 1913. Caminetti, a clerk in the State Board of Control, was the son of State Senator Anthony Caminetti who had just been appointed U.S. Commissioner of Immigration by President Woodrow Wilson. Diggs, an architect and nephew of State Senator Marshall Diggs, was also employed by the state. Both young men were married, Caminetti with two children, Diggs with one. Local rumors abounded that both men enjoyed an active social life which ranged far beyond hearth and home. But it was only after their temporary disappearance from the city, and the *Sacramento Bee's* front page story, "Four Elopers Captured in Little Bungalow in Reno" that they were catapulted into the local limelight.[4]

The case of the *United States v. Maury I. Diggs* opened August 5, 1913, in San Francisco, in the Federal District Court for the Northern District of California, Judge William Van Fleet presiding.[5] In a six count indictment government attorneys charged Diggs with a violation of the White Slave Traffic Act. Under this statue, it was a crime for any person to transport any woman or girl via interstate or foreign commerce "for the purpose of prostitution or debauchery or for any other immoral purpose." Early witnesses largely retold the story that had been outlined by the *Bee* some five months earlier. Thus the court learned that the couples had occupied a Pullman sleeper on their overnight trip to Reno, had registered in a hotel as "E.W. Enright and wife" and "I.F. Ross and wife," and then had gone on to occupy the bungalow where three days later they were apprehended by the police.

The appearance on the witness stand of Marsha Warrington and Lola Norris, both of whom were minors, added an abundance of new information.[6] It soon became clear that the two couples had known each other for at least six months before the ill-fated trip to Reno. During that time the four enjoyed many car drives and "alcoholic beverages" and on three occasions had spent nights together in San Francisco, San Jose and Stockton. According to the young women, the men had told them that wives, parents, and police were all familiar with their activities, and that steps were underway to publicize these activities, and have them arrested. It was the fear of such exposure, combined with the entreaties of the men, that led them to their decision to go to Reno. Warrington admitted that she had sexual relations with Diggs on numerous occasions, and stated, "At the time I went to Reno I was pregnant by Mr. Diggs." Lola Norris on the other hand insisted she had been a virgin until the tryst with Caminetti in the Reno bungalow. "He told me he loved me, he'd marry me, and I believed him."

Defense attorneys based their case primarily on the testimony of Maury Diggs.[7] The defendant stressed that his father's anger over his affair with Miss Warrington, along with his own financial and business worries, had all impelled him to leave Sacramento. But it was only meant to be a temporary move. And rather than coercing or enticing Miss Warrington to accompany him it had all been done willingly and voluntarily. According to Diggs when he had discussed his plans with her she had replied, "Well old boy . . . you're not going away and leave me here." It was on the basis of such testimony that the defense insisted that Diggs had not violated the intent of the White Slave Traffic Act, and as such should be found not guilty.

In his final instructions to the jury Judge Van Fleet's personal convictions about the meaning and intent of the White Slave Traffic Act were clear and unambiguous. He stressed that the jurors should interpret the words of that statute in their literal, everyday sense, and left no doubt that the statute was designed to maintain public morals and decency and to punish immoral behavior.[8] Such a position was a major departure from

the way in which previous white slave cases had been handled. For while numerous convictions had already been obtained under the 1910 statute, and had been upheld by the Supreme Court, they had all involved cases of commercialized sex. Given Van Fleet's very broad interpretation of the White Slave Traffic Act, and the largely uncontested testimony of Marsha Warrington and Lola Norris, there was little doubt that the defendants had violated the federal statute. On August 21, 1913, the jury found Diggs guilty on counts one, two, three and four of the indictment.

Just five days after the verdict in the Diggs case, the case of the *United States v. F. Drew Caminetti* began. But with the same judge, the same attorneys, and largely the same witnesses and indictments, much of it had a very familiar quality.[9] A different jury added an unknown dimension, yet there were few major surprises in this trial. Lola Norris' poignant statement, "Mr. Caminetti always told me that he was not living happily with his wife . . . . He told me he loved me, he told me that a great number of times" aroused sympathy in the courtroom. Caminetti's reconstruction of the condemnations he'd received both from Diggs' wife and Diggs' father left little doubt about his own private torments. But defense attorney Woodward's insistence that "the defendant is not guilty of any act of white slavery or any act of commercialized vice" swayed few jury votes. After Judge Van Fleet repeated his charge to the new jury, Caminetti was found guilty on the first count of the indictment, and not guilty on counts two, three, and four. On September 17 sentences were pronounced. Maury Diggs was sentenced to two years in prison, and a fine of $2,000. Drew Caminetti received eighteen months and a $1,500 fine.

Shortly thereafter both cases were appealed, and in time would be reappealed to the U.S. Supreme Court. But before turning to those appeals we will first focus on the background and formulation of the White Slave Traffic Act of 1910. For whether one considers the Diggs-Caminetti case at the District, Circuit or Supreme Court level, the meaning and intent of that act is basic to the entire controversy.

* * *

On December 6, 1909, Congressman James R. Mann (Rep. Illinois) introduced a bill to the House of Representatives "to regulate and prevent the transportation in interstate and foreign commerce of alien women and girls for immoral purposes, and other purposes." This bill was not the first attempt to prevent the importation of women into the United States for purposes of prostitution, but it marked a milestone in that long struggle. By utilizing congressional authority to regulate interstate and foreign commerce it gave federal officials legal sanction to control such traffic. As a result it avoided many of the constitutional challenges that had made earlier legislation ineffective.

The original step in the development of law prohibiting the importation of women for prostitution was contained in an act of 1875 entitled "An Act to Regulate the Immigration of Aliens into the United States."[10] After a specific prohibition of imbeciles, idiots, paupers and drunkards the act stated "the importation into the United States of women for the purposes of prostitution is hereby forbidden . . . Whoever shall knowingly and wilfully import . . . or shall knowingly and wilfully hold . . . any woman to such purposes in pursuance of such illegal importation . . . shall be deemed guilty of a felony."

This first act was superseded by an act of March 3, 1903. It eliminated the "knowingly and wilfully" clauses and extended the original legislation to cover "any woman or girl."

It read: "whoever shall import or attempt to import any woman or girl into the United Stated for the purposes of prostitution, or shall hold or attempt to hold any woman or girl for such purposes in pursuance of such illegal importation shall be deemed guilty of a felony."

Both of these acts in turn were superseded by the act of February 20, 1907. Besides the prohibition of the importation of "any alien woman or girl for the purposes of prostitution" it added the key phrase "or for any other immoral purpose." It also added an entirely new and significant provision: "Whoever shall keep, maintain, . . . any alien woman or girl . . . shall . . . be deemed guilty of a felony." This latter provision was later ruled unconstitutional. In *Keller v. U.S.* (213 U.S. 138) the Supreme Court pointed out that while the keeping of a house of ill-fame was morally offensive, jurisdiction over such matters fell within the "police powers" of the individual states. Consequently Congress lacked authority to legislate on such issues.

An act of March 26, 1910, sponsored by Congressman William S. Bennet (Rep. New York) carried out a number of minor modifications and additions to the 1907 legislation in the hope that it would meet Supreme Court scrutiny. But Congressional critics under the leadership of James R. Mann remained convinced that it was inadequate. And while they supported the passage of the Bennet legislation, they simultaneously worked on an entirely new approach — the utilization of congressional authority over interstate and foreign commerce — as a way to grapple with an old and familiar problem. Just three months after the passage of the Bennet Act, the Mann-sponsored White Slave Traffic Act of June 25, 1910, became law.

This brief survey of the precedents of the Mann Act shows that the congressional attempt to prevent the importation of female prostitutes was a long and difficult one. But with all the minor variations in the legislation of 1875, 1903, 1907 and 1910 it is clear that the primary focus was on alien women and girls. The consistent goal was to punish those who imported known prostitutes, or imported women with the intent that they would become prostitutes. Yet prior to the Mann Act none of this legislation had achieved the desired results.

The bill introduced by Congressman Mann was first referred to the Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce, and just fifteen days later reported back to the House. Subsequent debate revealed sharp differences of opinion on the intent and constitutionality of the proposed legislation. Supporters of the bill were led by Congressman Gordon Russell (Dem. Texas). He emphasized that while the proposed legislation was designed to regulate commerce between the states, it was not an attempt to regulate morals.[11] Similarly, it was not meant to punish the particular woman or girl involved, but was aimed only at punishing those persons who furnished interstate transportation to a woman for the purpose of having her engage in prostitution.

Russell's position met with hearty approval from large sections of the House, but it also met intense opposition especially from democratic Congressman C.L. Bartlett and W.C. Adamson, both of Georgia, and W. Richardson of Alabama.[12] With only minor variations each argued that the proposed legislation went far beyond congressional authority. Rather than a legitimate exercise in the regulation of commerce, they considered the legislation an attempt to control personal morals and behavior, and as such saw it as an intrusion on state's rights, especially the police powers of the state. Supporters of the bill — Bennet (New York), Sims (Tennessee), Peters (Massachusetts) and Saunders (Virginia) rejected such arguments.[13] For them the pending legislation was an innovative, constitutional, and convenient way for suppressing the widespread trafficking in "white slaves."

While the debate was heated, the legislation passed the House on January 26, 1910. No recorded vote was taken. Subsequently sent to the Senate, it was there referred to the Committee on Immigration which accepted the House bill as it stood. The senate committee emphasized that the legislation "does not attempt to regulate the practice of voluntary prostitution, but aims solely to prevent panderers and procurers from compelling thousands of women and girls against their will and desire to enter and continue in a life of prostitution."[14] The bill was passed by the Senate and on June 25, 1910, became law with the signature of President Taft.[15] Entitled, "An act to further regulate interstate and foreign interstate and foreign commerce by prohibiting the transportation therein for immoral purposes of women and girls, and for other purposes," it was to be officially known and referred to as the "White Slave Traffic Act." In popular usage it soon became the "The Mann Act."

Though a wide range of opinion existed in both the House and Senate over the constitutionality, approach and goals of the White Slave Traffic Act, there is little doubt about the impetus for the act. Investigations by the U.S. Commission of Immigration had shown that hundreds of alien women were systematically recruited and transported to Chicago, where they were channeled into brothels.[16] The U.S. district attorney in Chicago E.W. Sims, who worked in cooperation with the commission, had kept Congressman Mann informed of such practices. Mann in turn had come up with the innovative idea that utilization of congressional authority over interstate and foreign commerce might be an effective way to suppress such activity, since it would hopefully avoid the kind of Supreme Court rulings that had nullified earlier legislation.

One cannot claim that all congressmen and senators who supported the White Slave Traffic Act did so because they thought only of suppressing commercialized sex. For a stance on any complex issue is bound to entail diverse motivations and convictions. Many congressmen undoubtedly agreed with the southern spokesmen who had insisted that the bill was an attempt to control immoral behavior, and had voted for it, precisely for the reason that the "states' rightists" had opposed it. Yet it seems fair to conclude that the intent of most legislators was to utilize congressional authority over interstate and foreign commerce so as to suppress the systematic traffic in alien women for commercialized sex.

The crux of the issue for the original house committee was unambiguous. They took pains to distinguish the "white slave trade" from "immorality in general" and stressed that it was the former not the latter that they were primarily concerned about.[17] The committee went on to emphasize that the importation of women from foreign countries was systematic and continuous and not limited to a few isolated cases. They estimated that in the previous decade an average of some 2000 women per year, mainly French, were imported to Chicago and from there distributed throughout the nation. It was this highly specific traffic and not immorality in general, that the committee, the House, and the Senate all sought to control.

* * *

Shortly after the sentencing of Diggs and Caminetti, their cases were appealed, and in March 1915 heard by the Circuit Court of Appeals, Ninth Circuit.[18] The basic thrust of the appellants' argument was that the original court had given the words concubine

and mistress too wide and inclusive a meaning and that the immorality denounced by the White Slave Traffic Act referred to commercialized vice only. They also argued that the court's instructions had led the jury to believe that the defendants were charged with seducing the women.

By a divided vote of two to one, the three-man court upheld the original conviction. Speaking for the majority, Judge William B. Gilbert rejected all the major arguments of the appellants. Their assertion that the Mann Act applied to commercialized vice only, and that the immoral practices of the two men did not fall within the meaning and intent of the statute was quickly dismissed by Judge Gilbert with the citation of five cases as precedents for his position.[19]

Following this decision defense attorneys appealed to the Supreme Court. This was first denied by the Court, but later granted.[20] The petitioners presented their arguments in November 1916 and again contended that the White Slave Traffic Act was intended to apply to commercialized vice only. While the petitioners admitted that the conduct of Diggs and Caminetti was "reprehensible in morals" they stressed it was not carried out for financial gain nor for the purpose of providing women for prostitution. Consequently it did not violate the intent of the statute, and as such the lower court's ruling should be overturned.

In early 1917, however, by a vote of four to three, the Supreme Court affirmed the decision of the Circuit Court of Appeals.[21] Speaking for the majority, Justice William R. Day rejected the appellants' arguments, and found the meaning and intent of the statute's words explicit. "There is no ambiguity in the terms of this Act," he insisted. The minority position was best captured by Justice Joseph McKenna. "There is a danger," he wrote, "in extending a statute beyond its purpose, even if justified by a strict adherence to its words. Everybody knows that there is a difference between the occasional immoralities of men and women and that systematized and mercenary immorality epitomized in the statute's graphic phrase "White Slave Traffic."[22] Justice McKenna's minority position undoubtedly captured the thinking and the intent of those congressmen and senators who supported the passage of the White Slave Traffic Act in 1910. But while Justice Day's majority opinion misconstrued the intent of those legislators, it harmonized with the general climate of opinion of early 1917.

By that time American society reflected the progressive outlook that had characterized national political life since the turn of the century. President Wilson, now in his second term in the White House, irritated many citizens with his uncompromising standards. But his impressive legislative record helped sustain the optimism of those years and the conviction that all public problems whether they were the tariff, political corruption, decrepit housing, or prostitution could be analyzed and overcome.[23]

The president's response to the outbreak of war in Europe was especially significant in this regard, for it intensified a tone and mood that was already well established. Wilson's condemnation of German militarism, his friction with Britain over the rights of neutral powers, and his insistence on American preparedness, all emphasized that nations, like individuals, had to abide by a strict code of ethical behavior. America's obligations in this regard were especially compelling. For as the world's leading neutral power, and a model for the entire world, the United States had to follow the strictest codes of appropriate conduct. And by definition any nation or person who violated such codes had to be punished.[24] One cannot claim that such a climate of opinion automatically determined the stance taken by the Supreme Court in their interpretation of the meaning

and intent of the White Slave Traffic Act. But there is little doubt that such a climate existed, and that the decision in the Caminetti case met with general approval.[25]

* * *

Throughout the 1920s, the 1930s and the World War II years prosecutions under the Mann Act continued at a rapid pace with some three to four hundred convictions per year. The overwhelming majority of these convictions involved commercialized immorality, and as such clearly followed the intent of the 1910 statute. Justice department officials estimated that only a tiny minority of these convictions, some two percent in all, could be attributed to non-commercial immorality.[26] But while Caminetti-type cases were the conspicuous exception rather than the rule, a sprinkling of cases each year were still based on the Court's 1917 ruling.

One of the most significant cases occurred in 1946 when in *Cleveland v. U.S.* the Supreme Court upheld the guilty ruling of a Circuit Court.[27] In this case, married members of a fundamentalist sect within the Mormon Church, which believed in and practiced polygamy, were charged under the Mann Act of transporting plural wives across state lines for polygamous marriages. Both the majority and minority opinions had much of the flavor of the opinions in the Caminetti case twenty-nine years earlier. By this time the Court was showing considerable discomfort in once again sustaining the broad interpretation of that statute.

The three dissenting justices — Black, Jackson and Murphy — all questioned the interpretation given the statute and argued that the Caminetti ruling should be rejected. Justice Frank Murphy's opinion was especially crisp and apt. "The principle of the Caminetti case is still with us today," he pointed out. "I believe the issue should be met squarely and the Caminetti case overruled. It has been on the books for nearly thirty years and its age does not justify its continued existence."[28]

Justice Murphy's plea for a forthright rejection of the Caminetti ruling has never been acted on. As with many institutions and ideas bypassed by events, the Caminetti interpretation of the Mann Act has been allowed to wither, as no longer applicable to contemporary society. Since *Cleveland v. U.S.* in 1946 the Supreme Court has been reluctant to hear Mann-based appeals, and those that are heard are on specific points of law only. The Court last upheld a conviction under the Mann Act in 1959.[29]

In U.S. District and Circuit Courts convictions under the Mann Act have continued into the 1980s.[30] But these often rely on recent amendments to the 1910 legislation and almost invariably involve the transportation of prostitutes across state lines by pimps, or else involve the interstate transportation of innocent victims who are then subjected to violence, sexual abuse, or rape. As such these convictions closely approximate the goal and intent of the original Mann Act.

Citations to the Caminetti case have also continued into the 1970s and 80s, but their focus has changed. No longer do they concentrate on the "white slavery," "debauchery," or "other immoral purpose" that provoked such controversy in earlier years. Rather they usually treat issues of statutory construction, and quote Justice Day's 1917 position that "the meaning of a statue must . . . be sought in the language in which it is framed . . . when the language is plain . . . the duty of interpretation does not arise." Maury Diggs' refusal to testify about the Reno trip, after he had testified about earlier events, has

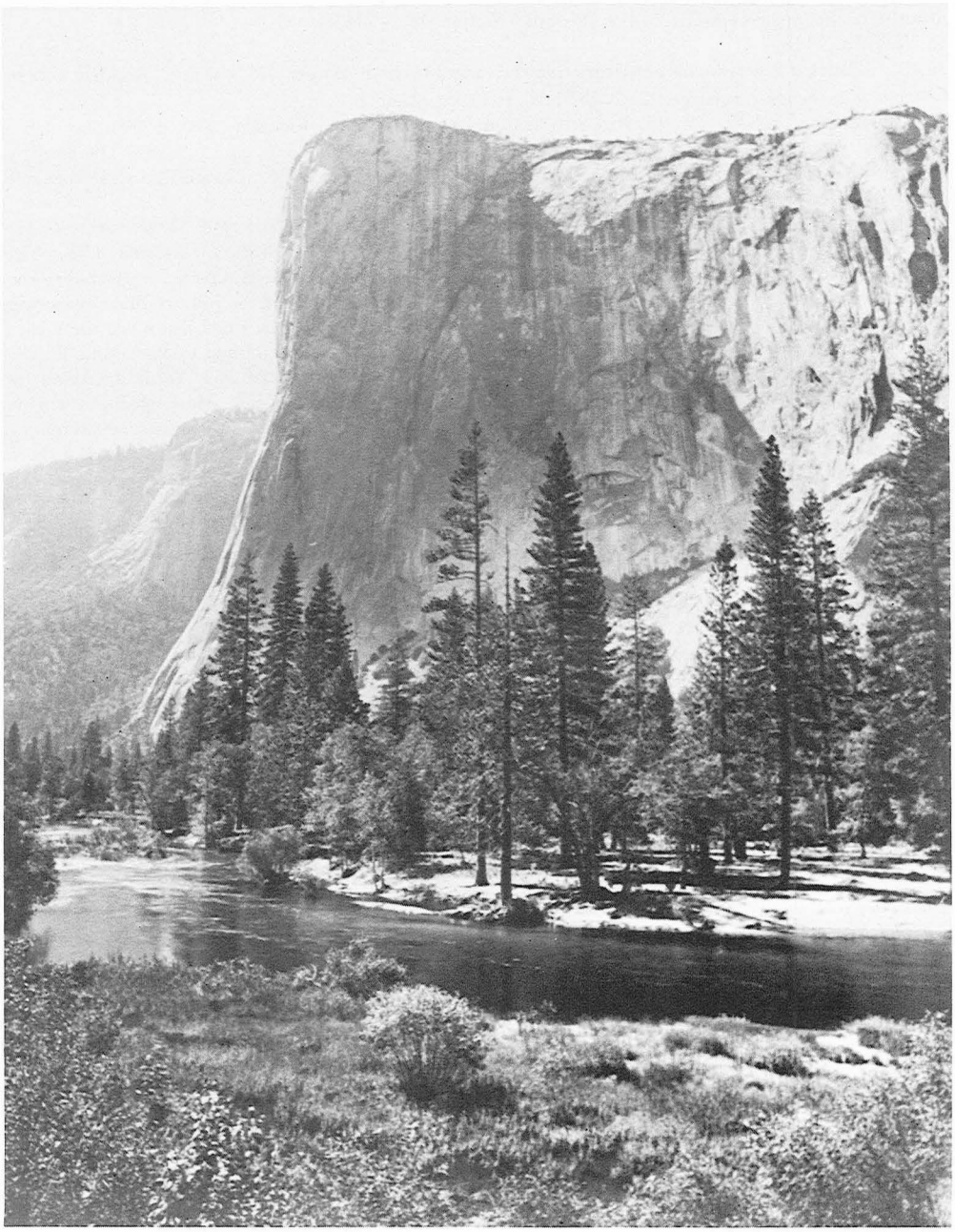
contributed to the concept that a jury can draw inferences from a defendant's refusal to testify fully. Similarly, Marsha Warrington's detailed testimony about the Reno trip, has contributed to the point of law that "the uncontested testimony of an accomplice can be used to support conviction."

Our original foursome soon faded from public limelight and newspapers provided only scrapes of information about their later lives. Drew Caminetti and Maury Diggs served their prison terms during 1917-18, and settled in Oakland, where Caminetti became a contractor and Diggs resumed his work as an architect. Twenty-five years later both were granted unconditional presidential pardons "for the purpose of restoring . . . civil rights." Caminetti remained married to his first wife until 1927, when with four children, and having "cited a long list of alleged infidelities," she was granted a divorce. A subsequent marriage by Caminetti lasted for about ten years when that too ended in divorce. In 1921 Lola Norris married a superintendent of the Valley Construction Company of Sacramento. Maury Diggs and his first wife divorced in 1914, and about a year later on December 15, 1915, he married Marsha Warrington. They later had a daughter Evelyn. Maury and Marsha remained together until his death in 1953 at age sixty-six. His obituary in the *Sacramento Bee* pointed out, "He will long be remembered for originality in race track design." Some historians at least would disagree.

NOTES:

1. The *United States v. F. Drew Caminetti*, United States District Court, Northern District of California, No. 5278. Available in Federal Archives and Records Center, San Bruno, California. The "15th day of January" cited in the indictment is not precise. It should read the "10th day of March."
2. The *United States v. Maury J. Diggs*, United States District Court, Northern District of California, No. 5280, available in Federal Archives and Records Center, San Bruno, California.
3. John L. McNab, the original U.S. attorney in charge of the case resigned his position on June 21, 1913. He insisted that Attorney General J.C. McReynolds deliberately obstructed justice, in an attempt to avoid embarrassing Anthony Caminetti, father of the accused. The resulting furor led to a highly partisan debate in Congress. See *Congressional Record* Vol. 3, Part 3, 63rd Congress, 2nd Session, July 29, 1913, pp. 2874-2900.
4. For a day by day treatment see *Sacramento Bee*, March 11 to March 19, 1913.
5. The first count charged that Maury Diggs did "wilfully, knowingly, feloniously and unlawfully transport" Marsha Warrington from Sacramento to Reno, "for the purpose of debauchery and for an immoral purpose, that she should be and become his concubine and mistress." The third count charged him with procuring a railroad ticket from Sacramento to Reno, for Warrington "for the purpose of debauchery . . . ." The fifth count charged that Diggs had "knowingly persuaded, induced, and enticed" Warrington to go from Sacramento to Reno "for the purpose of debauchery . . . ." The second, fourth and sixth counts charged Diggs with similar offenses against Lola Norris.
6. See *U.S. v. Diggs*, pp. 101-130 for Warrington's testimony, and pp. 131-156 for Norris' testimony.
7. *U.S. v. Diggs*, pp. 190-231.
8. *Ibid.*, pp. 240-263.
9. *U.S. v. Caminetti*. For Warrington's testimony see pp. 86-89, 101-139, for the Norris testimony see pp. 142-187, and for Caminetti's see pp. 261-271. The Caminetti indictment was in four counts only, which largely duplicated counts 1, 2, 5 and 6 of the original Diggs indictment. The two counts in the Diggs indictment which treated the procuring of railroad tickets, were omitted in the Caminetti indictment.
10. This survey of earlier legislation is based primarily on a report of the Senate Committee on Immigration as cited in the *Congressional Record*, Vol. 45, Part 8, 61st Congress, 2nd Session, June 25, 1910, pp. 9038-9040.

11. *Congressional Record*, Vol. 45, Part 1, 61st Congress, 2nd Session, January 19, 1910, pp. 804-822.
12. For their specific statements, see *Ibid.*, pp. 804-823, passim.
13. *Ibid.* 14. *Congressional Record*, Vol. 45, Part 8, 61st Congress, 2nd Session, June 25, 1910, p. 9040. The report of the Senate Committee stated that it had "incorporated practically all of the report of the majority of the House committee upon this bill." See pp. 9037-9042.
15. *Ibid.*, p. 9118.
16. For a detailed discussion of prostitution in the early twentieth century, see Walter C. Reckless *Vice in Chicago*, (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1933) esp. chapter 2.
17. *Congressional Record*, Vol. 45, Part 8, 61st Congress, 2nd Session, June 25, 1910, p. 9040.
18. See *Diggs v. U.S.* and *Caminetti v. U.S.*, *Federal Reporter*, Vol. 220, pp. 545-584. The brief by prosecuting attorney Theodore T. Roche in *Caminetti v. U.S.*, No. 2405, is available in the Bancroft Library, University of California, Berkeley.
19. See *Diggs v. U.S.*, 220 Fed 557. Those cases were *Hoke v. U.S.*, 277 U.S. 308; *Athansaw v. U.S.*, 227 U.S. 326; *U.S. v. Bitty*, 208 U.S. 393; *U.S. v. Flaspoller*, 205 Fed. 10063; *Johnson v. U.S.*, 215 Fed. 679. A close reading of these cases however shows that they were not as directly applicable to the pending case nor as unambiguous as Gilbert implied. The strongest support for Judge Gilbert's position came from the appeal court decision in *Johnson v. U.S.*. In that case the court ruled that while the White Slave Traffic Act was directed primarily at commercialized vice, it was not limited to that alone, for the words "other immoral purpose" applied to sexual debauchery with no financial gain. Yet it is noteworthy that this case was decided by a Circuit Court of Appeals, not the Supreme Court. More significant still it involved Jack Johnson, a prominent black prizefighter who transported his white mistress to cities throughout the nation. To what extent these considerations shaped the court's decision is conjecture only. But there is no doubt that convictions about interracial sex have changed significantly over the years, and what can be accepted in the 1980s was utterly unpardonable in the 1910s.
20. *U.S. Reports*, Vol. 238, pp. 636, 637.
21. *U.S. Reports*, Vol. 242, p. 470, Certiorari to the Circuit Court of Appeals for the Ninth Circuit.
22. *Ibid.*, p. 502.
23. See Robert E. Riegel, "Changing Attitudes Toward Prostitution 1800-1920," *Journal of the History of Ideas* Vol. 29 (1968), pp. 437-452, and Roy Lubove, "The Progressives and the Prostitute," *The Historian* Vol. 29, No. 3 (May 1962), pp. 308-330.
24. On March 31, 1917, the *New York Times* printed a letter that President Wilson had written to Mrs. Anthony Caminetti. If left no doubt about the president's personal feelings or his obligations. "It tears my heart to have to say to you that I cannot see my way clear to pardon your son," the letter pointed out. "If I followed the dictates of my heart and allowed myself to be influenced by my genuine friendship for yourself and your husband I would of course do it . . . . I am sure you will understand that I am moved entirely by my sense of imperative duty."
25. *New York Times*, January 17, 1917.
26. See "Interstate Immorality: The Mann Act and the Supreme Court," *Yale Law Journal*, Vol. 56, (1947), pp. 718-730, esp. p. 725. See also William Seagle, "The Twilight of the Mann Act," *American Bar Association Journal*, Vol. 55, (July 1969), pp. 641-647.
27. See *Cleveland v. U.S.*, 329 U.S. 14.
28. *Ibid.*, pp. 24-28.
29. *Wyatt v. U.S.*, 362 U.S. 525.
30. For representative samples, see *U.S. v. Huslage*, 480 F.Supp. 870; *U.S. v. Walker*, 495 F.Supp. 230; *U.S. v. Riggs*, 495 F.Supp. 1085; *U.S. v. Ahern*, 612 F.2d 507; *U.S. v. Wright*, 625 F.2d 1017; *U.S. v. Saunders*, 641 F.2d 659.



Holt-Atherton Center, University of the Pacific

El Capitan, Yosemite Valley

WESTERN TOURISM: A CRITICAL NOTE

EDITED BY RICHARD LOWITT

William Bayard Cutting, Jr. died at Assuan in Egypt on March 19, 1910. He was thirty-one years old. At the age of twenty-two he contracted tuberculosis and thereafter career endeavors competed and lost out to concern for his health. Born into a prominent and wealthy New York family, and favored with a brilliant and exceptional personality, he was able to take advantage of the best that American society could offer. He graduated from Harvard in 1900 with a *summa cum laude* degree, completing the course of study in three years. He then went to London serving as private secretary to the American Ambassador, Joseph Choate. After contracting tuberculosis he moved with his wife, formerly Lady Sybil Cuffe, whom he met and married while in London, and infant daughter to California. He spent the next two years seeking to restore his health in the little town of Nordhoff in the Ojai Valley while editing the local paper, *The Ojai*. Residence in California did not bring the relief he desired and in 1904 Cutting returned east to a sanatorium in the Adirondaks and thence to Europe where he served as vice-consul in Milan and headed the American relief mission following the tragic Messina earthquake of December 28, 1908. Throughout his service as a diplomat, he had to rest and seek

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Richard Lowitt, professor and chair, department of history, Iowa State University, has written or edited seven books on twentieth-century American history, and has contributed to several others. Most notable are his three volumes on George W. Norris (1963, 1971,and 1978), One Third of a Nation: Lorena Hickok Reports on the Great Depression *(co-editor, 1981), and* New Deal and the West *(1984). Mr. Lowitt has been a recipient of numerous awards and grants including fellowships from the Guggenheim Foundation and the National Endowment for the Humanities.*

respite from the disease in a chalet in Switzerland, a sanatorium in Greece, and also with springs and autumns on the Italian lakes as well as two winters in Egypt where the end came in March 1910. Before his final trip to Egypt, Cutting had resigned from the Foreign Service to accept a lectureship at Harvard on British colonial government.

In the summer of 1904 while in the east before departing for Europe, he kept a notebook wherein he commented upon both the Democratic and Republican national conventions, and jotted down the following notes about his trip to Yosemite in the weeks between the two conventions. His remarks are brief, succinct, critical and indicate that the service afforded visitors to Yosemite National Park could be cast within the framework of the critique of the Southern Pacific Railroad presented by California progressives.[1]

Cutting's comments are filed in the Manuscript Division of the Library of Congress with the papers of his brother, Bronson Murray Cutting, who later served as United States senator from New Mexico.

June 22, 1904

. . . I must enter a few brief notes about the Yosemite trip, in case I write an article on the subject. The expedition is managed so badly in *every* way that many points would escape the memory if not recorded at once.

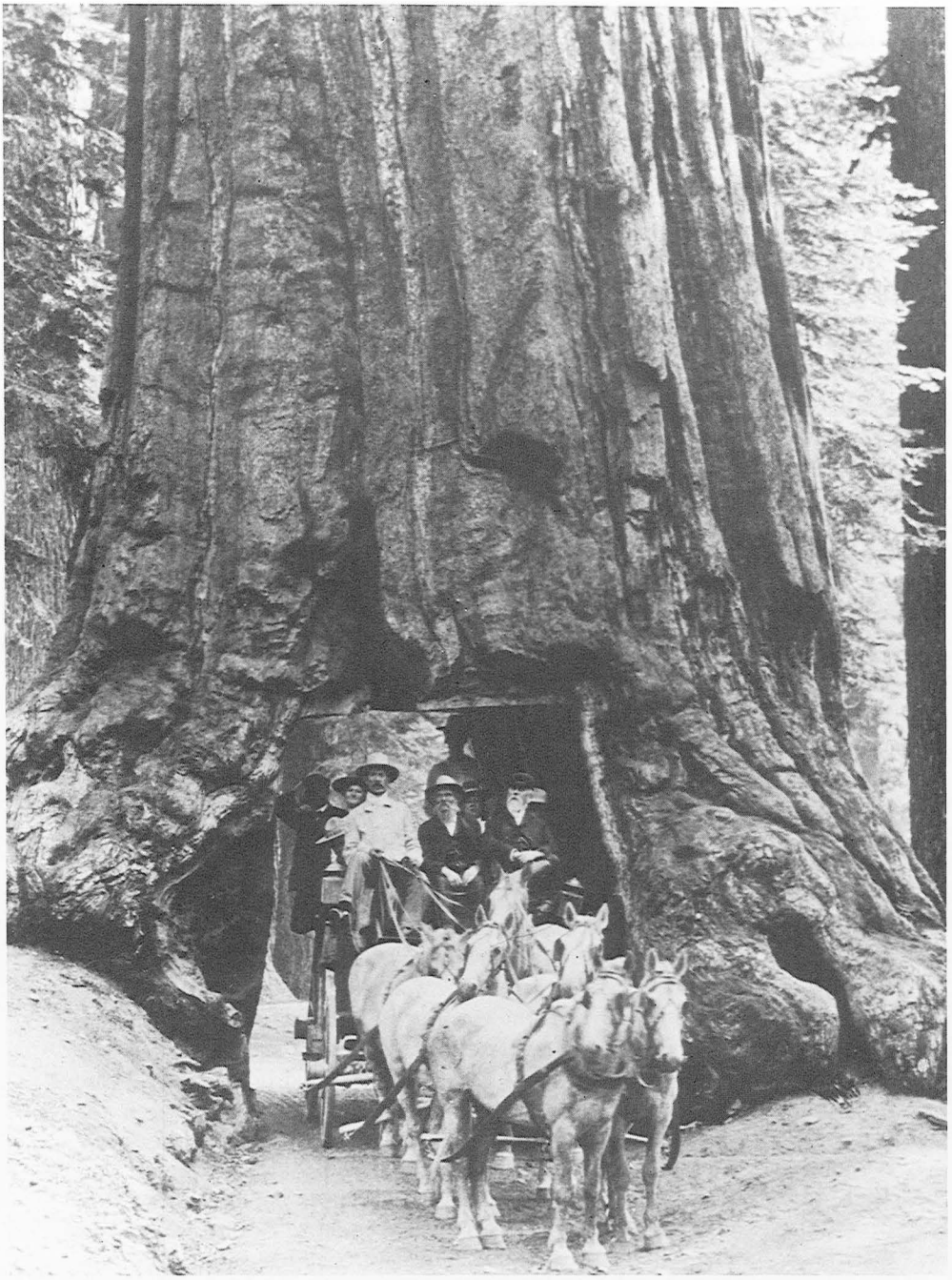
1. The route chosen is said to be far less pretty, and much longer, than the Stockton road. But when the S.P. bought an interest in this stage Co. &c., they knocked out the other stage route by refusing R.R. rates. The Santa Fe are now trying to get hold of the R.R. to the other line.

2. The R.R. connection is bad. One is obliged to leave San Francisco at 3:30 P.M. and after arriving at Berenda at 9:40 P.M. spend the whole night there in the sleeper. At 5:15 an engine is supposed to take the sleeper up to Raymond,[2] whence the stages start at 6. Our engine started late, and was then *not strong enough* to pull one car up the grade. We were left on the track for an hour and did not arrive at Raymond till 6:55. This occurs *frequently*.

3. The start is badly managed — very slow. Baggage is not properly attended to, and vigilance is required to get it aboard. The food at Raymond is good. We did not get off till 7:50.

4. The hours of arrival at Wawona[3] is scheduled for 5:00 P.M., but never takes place till between 6:30 and 9 P.M. We arrived at 8. The main causes of this are (5), (6) and (7).

The road is execrable. Every mile of it is a disgrace, but the hill down to Wawona is perhaps the worst part. On all the S.P. "literature," "Oiled Road" is advertised. Only about 8 miles of road are oiled. The rest of the 67 miles are one constant cloud of dust which enters ears, eyes and throat, penetrates dusters and portmanteaus and makes the day one of misery. The dust is the least inconvenience. The ruts have formed where they pleased. There is no evidence of a road marker anywhere. What is more disgraceful, in those places where oil is being put down, it is simply dropped on the dust, without any effort to smooth, grade or fill in ruts. To one who has not seen this road, it is simply incredible that the main tourist route to one of the world's most famous sights should be so shamefully neglected.



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As if Yosemite did not have enough natural wonders, Henry Washburn, one of the Wawona Hotel proprietors, carved out this giant sequoia to attract tourists. Known as the Tunnel Tree, it became a popular site where tourists had their photographs taken. This towering giant of the forest no longer stands.

6. The stages are a revelation. They weigh about 2800 lbs. and are four seated (the three back seats being covered). Each stage holds 11 passengers and the driver. In some the backs of the seats are too narrow and the space between them inadequate for the legs. At every jolt the shock is tremendous, especially as these stages *have no springs* — except a hard rubber cushion, which gives them a bucking motion. They are the worst carriages I have ever seen, and are crowded far beyond the point of comfort.

7. To crown the absurdity, these stages are drawn by only four horses each. Until recently they had six horse teams (for which they were built) but economy, or the desire to avoid accidents from unskilled driving, made the company substitute teams of 4. The result is a pace slow beyond endurance, and the sight of the constant misery of four wretched beasts who do the pulling. These are underfed (as I happened to learn) and overworked. They can hardly walk up grades which are comparatively slight.

8. The arrangements en route are as slovenly as possible. At the changes of horses, instead of finding a fresh team ready harnessed awaiting the stage, the coachman arrives and calls for someone. Stablemen appear after a time and lazily unharness the team. They then put this harness on the new team, there being no duplicate harness. The result is a wait of nearly ten minutes. At lunch everything is slow and unsystematic. The stages get mixed up, and it takes half an hour's waiting on the porch after lunch before the stage lazily drives up. Then you find a new stage and new driver. Your bags, coats, &c. have been transferred in the stable, and of course put at other people's places or else left behind. You come out cross after a poor and expensive lunch and your temper is not improved by the dust.

9. The hotel at Wawona is very dear ($4 a day apiece for a tiny room for 2, without conveniences of any kind, without service) and extremely bad. Again there is no system or possibility of getting one's belongings otherwise than by chance.

10. These are the main complaints, so far. But in addition, there is an air of slovenliness, of bad management, of carelessness of the passengers' comfort, which pervades everything. At the springs, when passengers stop every day to drink, there are no cups. The horses are watered in pails which leak. And then, this crowded stage drive is the *only* way of going to the valley. Private carriages and horses are charged such exorbitant sums for keep as to make the expedient impossible. The company have no one-seated or two-seated carriages to rent, even at prohibitive prices. Imagine the difference between this and I will not say Switzerland, but even Tyrol, where you can either get a coupe in a comfortable diligence on springs, or hire any kind of carriage you want, from an Einspänner to a six horse coach. It is not surprising that Americans travel abroad rather than in their own country. But it is surprising that the American public as a whole should have been bamboozled by monopolists into the belief that in all matters affecting transportation, whether of passengers or freight, they lead the world.

NOTES:

1. For brief critical comments about the trip to Yosemite by tourists in the last decades of the nineteenth century, see Earl Pomeroy, *In Search of the Golden West* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1957) pp. 51-52 and the caption for the picture entitled, "Yosemite Stages on Big Oak Flat Road."
2. The terminal of the Southern Pacific spur line from Berenda, named for Walter Raymond of the Raymond-Whitcomb Yosemite Tours, which started from here.
3. Located in Yosemite National Park, the terminal point for the tour carriages.

California Historical Society, San Francisco

Dr. Philip King Brown, circa 1918.

PHILIP KING BROWN AND THE AREQUIPA SANATORIUM

LYNN ALISON DOWNEY

The years following the San Francisco earthquake and fire of 1906 saw many changes in the lives of City residents. One of the most serious of these changes was the alarming rise in the tuberculosis rate, caused by the poorer living accommodations, the unsanitary conditions within them and the great amount of dust in the air due to the fire and the reconstruction of the city. This was noted by San Francisco physician Philip King Brown, who ran the Tuberculosis Polyclinic, where those with the first stage of the disease were educated not only in its treatment, but in its prevention as well. In a pamphlet describing the work done at the Polyclinic, Dr. Brown stated his concern regarding the high TB rate:

> The prevalent idea among people that consumption (tuberculosis) can best be treated by medicine, is one of the chief handicaps in this work. The general similarity of the cases, the tardiness with which they apply for help, the generally unhygenic environment in which they live, the necessity of continuing at some occupation as a means of livelihood, and the hitherto atrocious care offered them by municipal authorities, are all things which have operated to make the problem of a consumptive an extremely difficult one. [1]

By publishing the results of his work at the Polyclinic in publications devoted to the interests of merchants, Dr. Brown educated and urged employers to be alert to the first signs of TB in their workers, as it was the first stage (characterized by persistent cough, fatigue and stomach disorders) that responded most quickly to treatment.

Lynn Downey has a B.A. in history from San Francisco State University and is currently a graduate student in library science at the University of California, Berkeley. Ms. Downey's grandmother was an Arequipa patient in 1927 and an interview in 1983 between the two was the beginning of the author's research into the sanatorium's history.

As more people came into his clinic he began to notice that the majority of them were women, and came to the startling conclusion that their TB rate was twice that of men.[2]

> The opportunities that are open to women are distinctly against them, not only being conducive to the acquiring of tuberculosis, but offering a minimum of opportunity for recovery under the present conditions. As dressmakers, stenographers, clerks, factory workers, etc., they are often where the most unsatisfactory conditions in business life are found. The outdoor occupations, which are plentiful for men in California, are hardly open to them at all.[3]

Dr. Brown was no stranger to the difficulties that women had in the health and work aspects of their lives. He was the son of Dr. Charlotte Blake Brown, who made a name for herself in turn-of-the-century San Francisco as not only one of the few female physicians of her day, but also as a surgeon. She founded Children's Hospital and its training school for nurses, opening up more employment avenues for women at a time that gave them few opportunities for economic independence. Following in the family tradition, Philip King went into medicine, receiving his M.D. from Harvard in 1893, eventually returning to the Bay Area to teach and practice in many institutions. His sister, Adelaide Brown, was also a physician, and served on the advisory and medical boards of her brother's sanatorium for many years.

By 1909 Philip King Brown was well-known for the Polyclinic work. One of the most important aspects of his treatment of TB was the constant exposure to fresh air, accomplished by sleeping outdoors in all seasons. This idea had been pioneered by Edward L. Trudeau of New York, whose sanatorium (from the Latin sanare, to heal or cure) in the Adirondacks provided the cure for hundreds of people, through the use of fresh air, bed rest and quiet surroundings. By borrowing as many of these ideas as he could, and adapting them to a patient's lifestyle, Dr. Brown achieved a remarkable success rate.

But it was the women, and especially the wage-earning women, about whom he was most concerned. He realized that the double responsibility of work and family made it difficult to treat these women at home, and this difficulty increased as their disease progressed past the first stage. Dr. Brown had found that outdoor work, combined with good food and sanitation, was especially beneficial in curing tuberculars. Many men found it easy to do light outdoor work for six to eight months, but many women were also responsible for part of their family's income and, as noted before, it was unheard of for women to perform such physical labor. It became evident to Dr. Brown that a sanatorium was necessary to cater to the particular needs of the working woman, a place where she could learn to take care of herself. He envisioned the sanatorium as a school where the female patients would "gradually learn how to interpret and record the various means of keeping track of their condition."[4] It also had to be affordable, as they would be giving up their jobs in order to enter the sanatorium.

Dr. Brown had published the results of his work at the Polyclinic in the September 1909 *Merchants Association Review*, and wrote of his dreams of a sanatorium for women. Henry E. Bothin, a Marin County philanthropist, heard of Brown's plans and donated a tract of land a few miles beyond Fairfax, adjacent to Hill Farm, a home for sick and orphaned children which he had also financed. John Bakewell, a prominent San Francisco architect, conceived and donated the plans for the building, keeping in mind the need for the patients to have the most exposure to sunshine and fresh air. A total of $10,000 was donated to the project and construction began in April 1911.

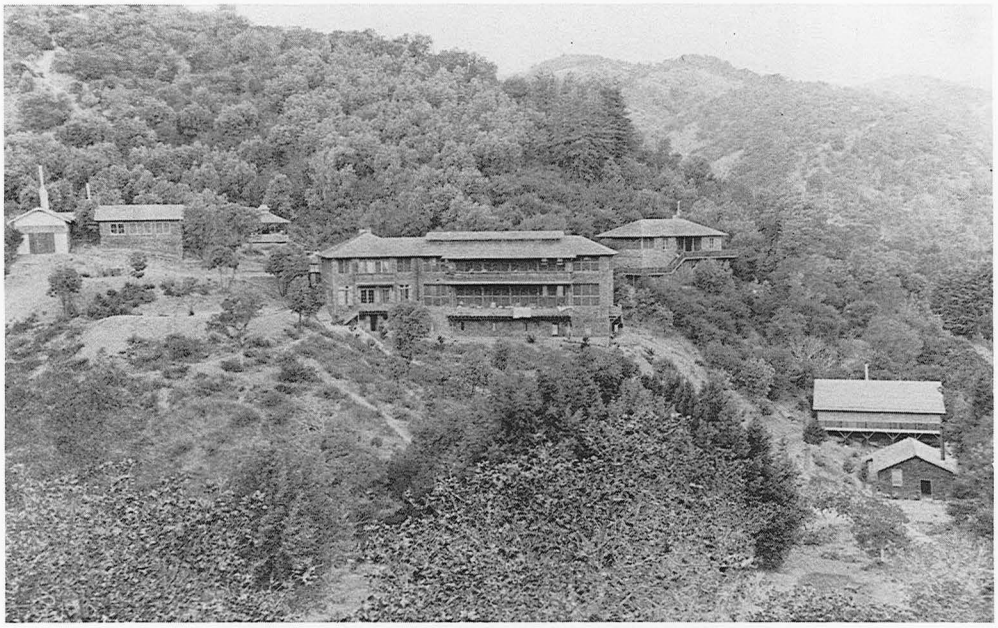
During the planning and building stages, Dr. Brown continued his educational work among the tuberculars through his clinic. But his work was not limited to patients only.

He educated social and labor organizations and the larger employers in the City about early TB symptoms and alerted them to awareness of their appearance in members and employees. The Emporium, The White House and Pacific States Telephone Company were among those who followed Brown's advice and sent many employees to the sanatorium. These companies established Welfare Departments specifically to watch for early TB symptoms in their workers. And, through the efforts of the factory inspectress of the Board of Health, nineteen labor and social organizations of women carried out the educational work throughout the City, even before the opening of the sanatorium. Published lists of local TB clinics were also distributed to San Francisco employers.

The Emporium and the telephone company even continued paying the salaries of some employees confined at the sanatorium, reasoning that they would rather spend the money to cure an experienced employee who would eventually return to work, than spend a like amount training an employee whose capabilities and future performance were unknown.

On September 9, 1911, the sanatorium, called "Arequipa" was officially opened, with five patients already in residence. The unusual name was given to the sanatorium by Dr. Brown after talking to a friend who had just returned from the city of the same name in Peru. Upon hearing that the word was Peruvian for "place of rest," he decided that no other name could better express the true purpose of his new venture.

Admission requirements to Arequipa were minimal: any medical problems requiring surgery (such as tooth extraction) had to be taken care of before entering, and all incoming patients were given X-rays. It was preferred that the patients have the first stage of the disease only, though the more seriously ill were usually not turned away. The occasional purportedly terminal case admitted often recovered, a testament to the quality of care

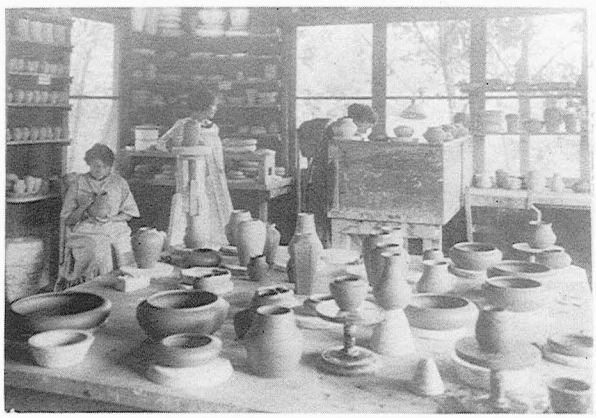


Courtesy of the author

Early view of Arequipa grounds consisting of the pottery buildings (left), the main hospital/living quarters (center), and the superintendent's cottage (in back of the main building). A second wing was later added on to the main building.

offered. The cost of treatment was only $1.00 a day (raised to $1.50 in later years), which covered food, nursing, medical care and laundry. Those who could not afford this fee were aided by charitable organizations and by certain funds paid to the sanatorium to defray the costs of the poorer patients.

Bed rest, wholesome food and exposure to fresh air were the daily specifics for the TB cure at Arequipa, but Dr. Brown also felt that the patients should have some form of occupation to "provide against the degenerating influences of long continued idleness."[5] He felt also that if the women received some form of remuneration for this occupation, they would feel less dependent (especially those who relied on charity to pay their fees), and more responsible for their cure. After an unsuccessful attempt at basket weaving, Dr. Brown heard of the work done with pottery at the Devereaux Mansion, a convalescent hospital in Massachusetts. He enlisted the help of ceramicist Frederick H. Rhead, who was lecturing in San Francisco at the time, and opened the Arequipa Pottery in November of 1911.



Courtesy of the author

Studio of the Arequipa pottery, designed to allow the maximum amount of air circulation.

Courtesy of the author

When the weather permitted, patients would decorate pottery outdoors in the fresh air.

Concern about tubercular women working with clay and its resultant dust was allayed by the fact that the workshop, like the hospital, was screened, allowing the maximum amount of air to be circulated through the work area. The women were not allowed to work if tired or feverish, and did not work on weekends. The heavy work of digging the native clay was done by laborers and boys from a San Francisco boy's home. Under three different directors (Rhead, Albert L. Solon and Fred H. Wilde) the pottery became famous for its unusual art forms. Many pieces were sold in retail outlets such as The Emporium in San Francisco and Marshall Field in Chicago. The St. Francis Hotel bought seventy-five flower vases for their dining room in 1914. The pottery's reputation was further enhanced at the 1915 Panama-Pacific Exposition, where Arequipa had a large booth. The succeeding years saw the ware go to the Smithsonian and The Oakland Museum, as well as to many private collections.

Courtesy of the author

Woman sold their wares and demonstrated pottery techniques at the Arequipa booth during the 1915 Panama-Pacific Exposition held in San Francisco.

The combined problems of heavy patient turnover, the tendency of each new director to re-design the facilities to suit his style, and the skyrocketing prices during the First World War caused the pottery's demise in 1918. This however, did not end Dr. Brown's determination to provide occupational therapy for his patients. Visiting instructors or residents with particular skills taught courses to the sanatorium patients. Many women left Arequipa with the marketable skills to become typists, stenographers or lab technicians.

The regular medical treatments at the sanatorium were instituted by Dr. Brown based on the work of Trudeau and others specializing in the care of the tuberculars. These included the use of the stereoscope: the patients stood in front of a screen which, when illuminated, provided a view of the lungs as they worked; the doctors could tell which patient they were examining simply by looking at their lungs. Another treatment was the artificial pneumothorax, a procedure in which nitrogen was injected into the pleura

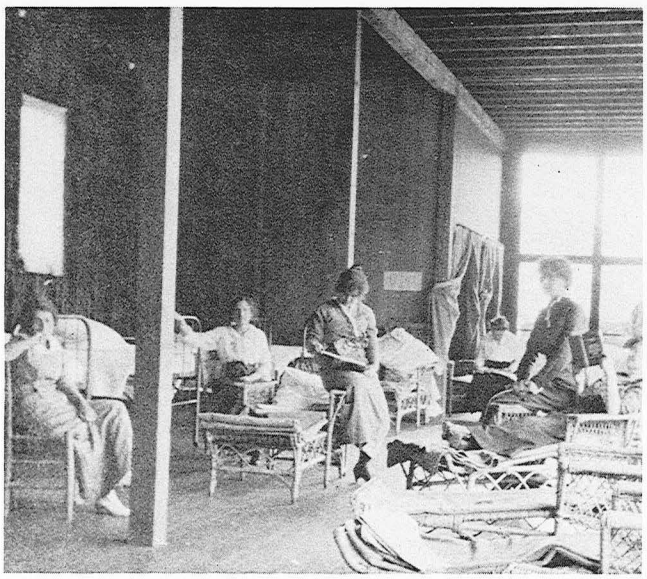
(the membrane that surrounds the lungs and lines the chest cavity) to collapse the diseased lung to prevent further damage.

> They had a little machine with a long hollow needle that was connected to this machine with a hose. It was pumping air and then the needle would be inserted between the ribs. They started on the back first and then when the air would go around the lung itself and in the pleura of the lung, it would collapse the lung. They told me it would look like a piece of liver.[6]

The same needle was used to extract fluid from the lung.

> [The fluid] was the most beautiful green that you would ever see in your life, just a deep emerald green. I looked at it, because you were always conscious, you weren't anesthetized or anything going through this, and I said to the doctor, "What a beautiful color," and he said, "Yes, that's pure poison."

The working women of San Francisco were not the only ones who went to Arequipa. Before its close in the 1950s, the sanatorium saw patients from nearly every state in the Union and many foreign countries. There were no resident doctors although the nurses had quarters in dormitories on the property and inside the building itself; Dr. Brown, and later his son Cabot, as well as many other physicians, visited on a regular basis.

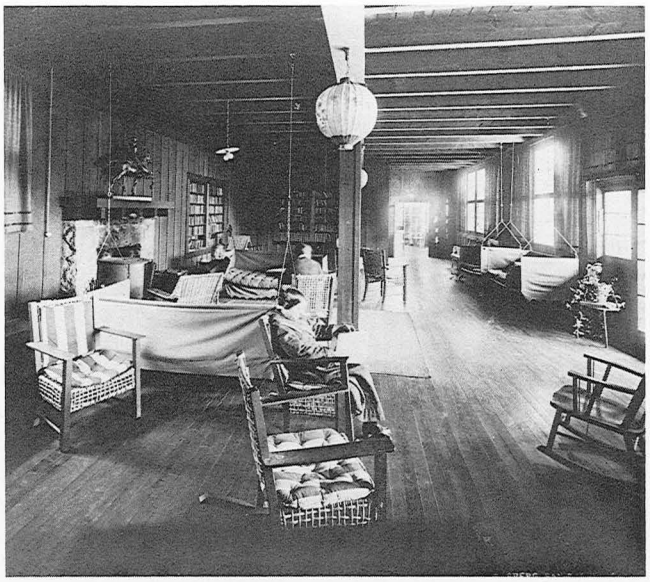


Courtesy of the author

A patient at Arequipa spent most of the day in bed, or in a deck chair on one of the balconies. The more seriously ill were confined to total bed rest, but those with lighter cases of TB were allowed to walk to the living room area which had a small library and where occasional lectures were held. The hospital eventually became a two wing/two story building, with wards on each floor, screened entirely from floor to ceiling. In the winter, the patients placed newspapers under their mattresses and used hot water bottles to ward off the cold which, as they got used to it, bothered them little. Occasionally, the fog would drift into the ward, making it impossible to see more than a few feet from one's bed. Many women had difficulty sleeping in regular bedrooms after they returned home having become so accustomed to the constant fresh air.

To pass the time, the women read, did needlework and played cards. They also wrote letters, poetry and started in-house newspapers and magazines. These were compilations of their poetry, stories and "news" of each ward, and of those who had returned home. These writings reflected a great sense of humor, an attitude considered important to the cure. In the newspaper "Hi Life," a patient placed the following "Want Ad":

WANTED: Something to eat. Will take anything anytime.
Can consume any amount, just so it is edible.[8]



Courtesy of the author

Interior views of the living quarters. The women spent most of their time in bed or resting on wicker deck chairs (left). Those less seriously ill could pass their time in the living room area (right).

Photos taken of patients through the years of Arequipa's existence invariably show smiling, cheerful faces: dressed in Halloween costumes, playing cards, posing on the balconies. Although this seems inconsistent with the fact that they were confined to an institution while suffering from a deadly disease, nevertheless these women knew that they were taking active steps to rid themselves of the "white plague," and in a way that was conductive to a peaceful state of mind. It was Dr. Brown's fervent belief that this attitude was essential to their eventual release.

The children of women living at Arequipa were allowed to visit with very few restrictions. Children with TB or those who were left with no one to care for them while their mothers were in the sanatorium often went to adjacent Hill Farm, to recover or await their mothers' release.

Dr. Brown felt that a patient should be discharged only when the medical staff as a group determined that she was able to return home. However, even after the discovery and use of antibiotics in the 1940s, no one was ever considered completely cured. Stress, unhygenic living conditions and other environmental factors were thought to be great contributors not only to the original contraction of the disease, but to its recurrence as

well. The women were lectured on the importance of fresh air and sanitation in preventing a relapse. However, many returned to Arequipa after finding it difficult to incorporate the necessary changes at home, or after they were forced to return to their former jobs and therefore endure the conditions which were often the original cause of their disease. They were also warned that pregnancy and childbirth soon after their release could be life-threatening, and for many years a woman with TB, or recovering from it, was allowed a legal abortion. Between the two world wars, however, medical advances had lessened this danger and TB was rarely considered a valid reason for a therapeutic abortion. The particular philosophy of a doctor often allowed for abortion, though, depending on the circumstances of the individual patient.

Before being allowed to leave, a patient had to express a willingness to return to her former life; months or years of taking a rest cure relieved the women of many personal responsibilities, and the prospect of facing them again was sometimes overwhelming. The continuing health of discharged patients was monitored at Dr. Brown's offices in San Francisco and by friends and personal contacts made at the sanatorium.

Discharge was also effected if the women did not obey the rules. An occasional notation in the records shows that not all patients considered Arequipa a haven: one complained about the treatment she received, left the sanatorium and "went to a quack in Oakland."[9]

Philip King Brown, who died in 1940, was succeeded by his son, Cabot. The change in administration brought with it many changes in sanatorium policy and practice. For example, time "up" during the day was strictly regulated and enforced. Patients were no longer allowed to wander at will through the sanatorium, and "ups" usually were only for trips to the bathroom, dressing room or dining room. As well, two of the three wards were eventually enclosed, as it was not considered necessary to have the constant exposure to outdoor air that had been deemed essential in earlier years. In the words of a former patient, "They realized that you did not have to sit out in the freezing weather to get cured of TB." And, although in previous years the children of Arequipa patients were allowed to visit with few restrictions, in the forties they were not allowed at all.

By the mid-forties streptomycin was being used along with the conventional rest treatment, although some doctors were dubious about the long-range effects of drug therapy versus rest. A former patient recalled reading an article in a national magazine during this time about the new "wonder drug." The cover of the magazine showed TB patients dancing joyfully down the hallways of a hospital. When shown to Cabot Brown he commented, "Well, if they were my patients, they would dance right back to bed."

Despite these misgivings, the new drug made it possible to treat patients at home, and admissions to Arequipa dropped. In the 1950s a group called "Friends of Arequipa" was formed to help raise money for the sanatorium, which had always been privately funded. In 1951 a huge party with the theme "A Night in Peru" was held to raise funds to help meet the costs of the aging building. But it eventually became evident that Arequipa was no longer needed, and 1957, the doors closed.

The Girl Scouts leased the property in 1960 and the grounds are still being used as a camp. The winters of the last few years damaged the building beyond repair however, and it was torn down in August of 1984.

The impact of Arequipa on California history is many-fold. Dr. Philip Brown's contribution to TB research through his policy of allowing experimental treatments to be performed at the sanatorium furthered the fight against the disease. In 1921, for example, experiments on the effects of intramuscular injections of chalmoogra oil on TB were conducted at Arequipa by Dr. E.L. Walker of the Hooper Foundation for Medical Re-

search. This oil, extracted from the seeds of the East Indian tree of the same name, was also used to treat leprosy and other skin diseases. The National Tuberculosis Association contributed $5000 toward the salary of the chemist performing the tests, and St. Francis Hospital in San Francisco provided free X-ray plates. In 1924, more work was done with the pneumothorax treatment and the results made known to the medical community.

Many patients in the occupational therapy programs learned new skills to help them readjust to the responsibilities of life in the world, and they acted as educators to those that they came in contact with, spreading Dr. Brown's message of health to a world that was fearful about the unpredictability of a dreaded disease. But perhaps most importantly, Arequipa served the needs of thousands of women who otherwise would have had nowhere else to go to be free of the terror that was tuberculosis. The feelings expressed in the following poem show how deeply grateful these women were to Dr. Brown and to his "place of rest."

Fair Arequipa, nested in the arms
Of ancient hills, unto whose heights I raise
Mine eyes for help, your image, Place of Rest,
My heart shall treasure through all coming days.

The joy of bird-song in the summer dawn,
Is mine forever, mine the shadowed blue
Upon your hills at morn; your buckeye blooms
Like altar candles, incense waft to you.

For you have given me health, your promised boon
To all who truly seek it, day by day,
Beneath your roof, where love and skill unite
To point and pave for us the tedious way.

To crown this gift of health, I find in you
New hope, new strength to take Life's road again,
New vision of a need that calls us all
To work and serve, new faith in common men.

Therefore I lay at your hill-encircled shrine
My grateful heart, Oh Place of Rest, and pray
You may endure 'til the long fight is won,
And the White Plague has lost its power to slay.[10]*

*Anyone wishing to contribute information about Arequipa may write the author at P.O. Box 146, Fairfax, California 94930.

NOTES:
1. Philip King Brown, "Tuberculosis Class Work in the San Francisco Polyclinic," p. 1.
2. *Annual Report For Arequipa*, 1912, p. 3.
3. Brown, "Tuberculosis Class Work," p. 7.
4. *Annual Report For Arequipa*, 1922, p. 7.
5. Philip King Brown, "The Opening Of a Sanatorium For Early Cases of Tuberculosis In Wage Earning Women," p. 3.
6. Interview with former patient.
7. *Ibid.*8. *Hi Life*, September 12, 1921, p. 4.
9. *Annual Report For Arequipa*, 1912, p. 9.
10. Poem written by former Arequipa patient.

The Anchorage Museum

Last photos taken of Will Rogers and Wiley Post on the Chena River before they took off for Barrow. Below from left to right Rogers, Leonard Seppala, Post and well known Alaskan bush pilot, Joe Crosson, who had advised against the trip.

SACKCLOTH AND ASHES OF AN AGE

WILEY POST AND WILL ROGERS AT BARROW

AUGUST 15, 1935

STEVEN C. LEVI

About three o'clock in the afternoon of August 15, 1935, Wiley Post and his passenger Will Rogers were aloft in Post's red Lockheed Orion in one of the worst storms Barrow, Alaska, had ever experienced for that season in fifty years. They had left Fairbanks that morning and were now lost and running low on fuel somewhere along the coast of the Arctic Ocean. Suddenly there was a break in the clouds. Post spotted some land and a stream below. He dropped through the clouds and followed the stream until it came to a lagoon on which there was enough room to land.

On the far shore was an Eskimo camp. Two Natives, Claire Okpeaha and his wife, conversed briefly with Post and Rogers. Yes, replied Claire, Barrow was close and he pointed in the direction of the settlement on the lip of the Arctic Ocean. It was sixteen miles away, ten minutes by plane. Rogers, always brimming with curiosity, asked about what Claire was fishing. Seals, Claire replied.

The Walakpa Lagoon was much too short for Post to make a preliminary run to warm up his engines. The Orion would have to make it aloft on the first try. Claire and his wife watched as the red plane took off, its pontoons spouting rooster tails of water. The Orion rose off the lagoon, banked to the right heading for Barrow and then, suddenly, the engine sputtered and went dead. The plane fell to earth like a stone and, in the next instant, two of the brightest stars in the galaxy that twinkled over Depression America were snuffed out.

Steven C. Levi is an historian and free lance writer in Anchorage, Alaska. Levi has produced more than a dozen professional articles and one scholarly research work entitled Committee of Vigilance, The Law and Order Committee of the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce, 1916-1919. *He is currently working on an economic case study of American history. Levi's articles have appeared in many Pacific Northwest magazines. Mr. Levi is also a novelist and screenplay writer.*

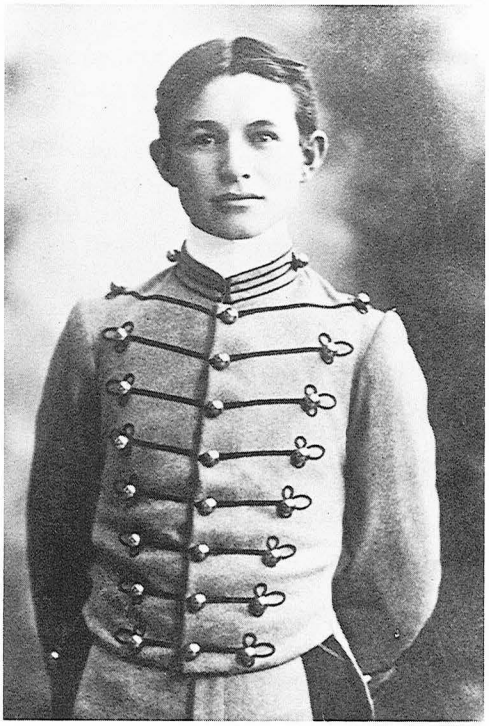
The story of Will Rogers and Wiley Post is more than the story of two men and their crash. It is the story of an America coming of age. Each was a pioneer: Rogers of the stage and screen, Post of the sky. Both broke new ground, challenged new horizons, flaunted the artificial limits imposed by men of lesser talents. Through hard work, daring, and innovation, both men became the standards in their chosen fields. Both men cut their own trail and both died walking to the beat of a different drum.

* * *

On November 4, 1879, William Penn Adair Rogers, named in honor of his father's Civil War comrade-in-arms, was born in Cooweescoowee District of the Territory of Oklahoma. As Rogers noted of his parents, "My father was one-eighth Cherokee Indian and my mother was a quarter blood." In later years, when he was asked of his lineage by American blue bloods, Rogers often responded that "My ancestors didn't come on the Mayflower but they met the boat."

Contrary to popular belief, Will Rogers did not spring from dirt-poor parents. Clem Rogers, Will's father, was one of the richest men in Cooweescoowee District. With a spread of 60,000 acres, Rogers marketed between 2,000 and 4,000 cattle a year at a price that varied between thirty and forty dollars a head. The Rogers' farm also produced corn, wheat, oats, apples, mules, goats and fowl.

Will went through a series of schools, but proved to be better with horse and lariat that with the dull, repetitive routine. The only school he seemed to appreciate was Kemper school, a military academy. He liked the uniform and, in 1898, when he went



Courtesy, The Will Rogers Memorial, Claremore, OK

Will Rogers in his Kemper Military Academy uniform, circa 1898.

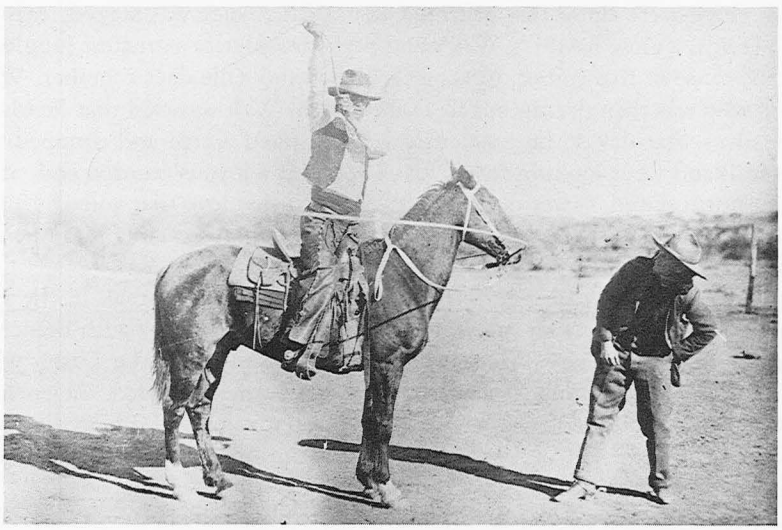
home on break went so far as to borrow a rifle and show his hometown chums a bit of the manual at arms. But when he slammed the butt of the rifle into the ground, it went off. The slug grazed his forehead leaving a scar which he carried for the rest of his life. Because of his incredible ability to pick up demerits, Will was later to say of Kemper that "I spent two years at Kemper, one in the guardhouse and one in the fourth grade."

After a number of unsuccessful attempts at education, Will finally dropped out of school altogether and signed on as a trail hand, a vocation he found satisfying. He punched cattle in Oklahoma and New Mexico and even followed a herd as far west as California — though on a train. After the cattle had been delivered to the Hearst ranch, he and another driver went to San Francisco for a visit to the "big city." They rented a cheap hotel room and the next morning, when they didn't appear for breakfast, someone checked their room and found both cowboys close to death. On the farm Will and his friend used kerosene for their lamps. No one told them that city folks didn't blow out the flame on the gas jets. When Will recovered, his father decided it was time the young man settled down.

Clem Rogers had moved into Claremore by this time and expected his son to run the ranch. Will tried, but responsibility didn't suit him. And Oklahoma had changed. The Wild West was ending and Will's choice was to be a farmer or, like the disappearing cowboy, drift on. Will decided to drift and in 1901, after some understandably harsh words from his father, Will left Claremore for the *pampas* of Argentina.

Will had to travel via London. During the voyage he was sick most of the time. From London, Will caught a slow freighter to South America — another voyage which did little to enhance his love of ocean travel. Once in Argentina, life did not prove to be quite as romantic as young Rogers had expected. His father showed great reluctance to support his son's wild-eyed dream. Finally, out of money and reduced to sleeping on park benches, Will went to work roping mules, a talent at which he was adept, and then signed on as a menial cattle tender on a freighter bound for Africa.

Will dabbled in odd jobs in South Africa. After a chance encounter he became associated with Texas Jack's Wild West Show as "The Cherokee Kid, Fancy Lasso Artist and Rough Rider." He stayed with the wild west show for several months and then headed



Courtesy, The Will Rogers Memorial, Claremore, OK

Will Rogers and Texas Jack in South Africa, 1903.

home, but continued in an eastward direction so that he would circle the globe before he returned. He ran out of money, again, this time in New Zealand, and spent eight months with the Wirth Brothers Circus. Two years after he left for Argentina, Will Rogers returned to Claremore.

But he was not home for long. The World's Fair in St. Louis beckoned and Will signed up with Colonel Zach Mulhall for another wild west show. (Another of the cowboys employed was an ex-bartender from Pennsylvania by the name of Tom Mix.) Mulhall, however, became involved in a shootout, was jailed, and Will switched employers rather than go back to Claremore. After the fair he did some performing on stage and then, as the featured roper, rejoined the wild west show which was on its way to Madison Square Gardens in April of 1905.

In was in Madison Square Gardens that fate added a strange twist to the life of Will Rogers. On April 27, a steer suddenly appeared in the ring unescorted. The beast jumped the rails into the seating area and proceeded to lope all the way up the stairs to the balcony. The crowd panicked. Will Rogers, "alone and on foot," the New York *Herald* reported, headed the steer off, roped it and guided it back to the ring.

Never one to ignore publicity, Will sent copies of the New York *Herald* article around to the theatrical agents hoping to break into vaudeville which in 1905 was as difficult as breaking into the movie business today. But Lady Luck was with Rogers still. Scheduled into a theater at dinnertime, when "nobody who had a home or somewhere to eat would be in a theater," Will's act of lasso and pony was a smash hit — much to Will's surprise — and he moved rapidly into the ranks of the employed.

His next job was with Hammerstein's famed Victoria. Since he was performing at night, he spent his days practicing with the lariat. He had added a great number of lariat tricks to his repertoire since his wild west show days. Meanwhile, in November of 1908, Will was married and though he promised his bride, Betty Blake, that he would settle down, right after the wedding he was back on stage. Now he began adding some speech to his act. He tried missing a rope trick and then coming up with a clever rejoinder like, "Well, got all my feet through but one." The audiences loved it. He also added a chewing gum routine.

Although there were those that affirmed that Will's voice was staged, this was not true. W.C. Fields, a close friend of Will's and perhaps America's greatest juggler, might have been the cause of this rumor. Years after their vaudeville days together, Will went to see Fields who was then drying out in a sanitarium. Will was told that Fields was not receiving visitors that day so he graciously left, climbed a tree and dropped over the sanitarium wall and went looking for Fields. There was a joyous reunion and, after Will left, a young nurse stated, "Isn't he a *wonderful* man? I just love that voice." "The son of a bitch is a fake," Fields snarled. "I'll bet a hundred dollars he talks just like anybody else when he gets home."

For several years Will's career hit a plateau which seemed to break in the spring of 1912 when he opened in his first musical show, *The Wall Street Girl* with Blanche Ring. But opening night Will came on stage to announce the sinking of the *Titanic* which not only put a pall on the performance that evening, but seemed to affect the entire run of the show. Soon after, he abandoned the perambulating road tour of vaudeville and stayed in New York and, in the fall of 1915, received his big break: he was signed for a two week engagement with the Midnight Frolic run by Florenz Ziegfeld.

Ziegfeld of the famous Ziegfeld Follies, it should be noted, had no sense of humor. From his perspective, comedians were simply time fillers who kept the audience warm

while the chorus girls were changing. Ziegfeld saw Will's act the first night and told his assistant producer to fire him. But Ziegfeld was talked into letting Rogers stay one more day. And after that, one more day. By the end of two weeks, Will's act, which included now the topical discussion of what he had read in the newspapers, was a hot item.

Since the crowd loved the act, Ziegfeld announced, "We'll keep him another week." And so, week by week, Will Rogers worked for the Ziegfeld Follies and went on tour with them the next year — with two different acts a day each opening with his immortal

Courtesy, The Will Rogers Memorial, Claremore, OK

Courtesy, The Will Rogers Memorial, Claremore, OK

In 1918 Will Rogers made his first film. The following year he went to Hollywood where he began the first of forty-nine silent films. Rogers' real film talent became evident when he made his first talking motion picture in 1929. Rogers went on to make twenty more films, making him one of the most popular male stars of the early 1930s. Will Rogers and Andy Devine in "Dr. Bull" released in 1934 (left), and a scene from "In Old Kentucky" with Bill Robinson released after Rogers' death in 1935 (right).

lines, "Well, all I know is what I read in the papers." (To Ziegfeld's credit, it should be added that though he did not like comedians, he enhanced the careers of such greats as Will Rogers, W.C. Fields, Eddie Cantor, Ed Wynn, Fanny Brice and Bert Williams. Ziegfeld also included tasteful nudity in his show, quite a feat in the days before short skirts and bobbed hair.)

It was not until 1918 that Rogers moved into the motion picture business. Rex Beach, the Alaskan adventure writer and, incidentally, the man who had caused Rogers a head injury three years previously by teaching him to dive, had sold the rights to his book *Laughing Billy Hyde* to Samuel Goldfish — who was about to change his name to Goldwyn. Rex Beach's wife suggested that Will Rogers play Billy Hyde. It was filmed the next summer, while the Follies were on break, and was an instant hit. When Goldwyn realized he had a star on his hands, he made Will an offer that was double the salary Will was receiving from Ziegfeld. Rogers accepted and in the spring of 1919, Rogers went to California. He was now a star of stage, screen and about to become America's best known humorist since Mark Twain.

Courtesy, The Will Rogers Memorial, Claremore, OK

As early as 1916 Rogers had written occasional newspaper columns. By December 1922 he was writing a regular syndicated weekly column and in 1926 began his daily "Will Rogers Says." His material came from his experiences and travels as well as the papers.

It would be impossible to encapsulate the life of Will Rogers in any brief article. In an age of stars, Rogers was a superstar, a giant of stage, film, newspapers and the lecture circuit. His witty, homespun quotes were quoted world-wide and many of them still have relevance today, fifty years later, As some examples indicate:

> Every time we have an election, we get in worse men and the country keeps right on going. Times have proven one thing and that is you can't ruin this country ever with politics.
>
> I'll bet you the time ain't far off when a woman won't know any more than a man.
>
> There is nothing as stupid as an educated man if you get him off the thing he was educated in.
>
> Lord, the money we do spend on government and it's not one bit better than the government we got for one third the money twenty years ago.
>
> The income tax has made more liars out of the American people than golf has.
>
> Asking Europe to disarm is like asking a man in Chicago to give up his life insurance.
>
> Once a man holds public office he is absolutely no good for honest work.

Perhaps the fitting testament to Will Rogers comes from William Shakespeare. "This above all: To thine own self be true," Polonios advised his son Laertes in *Hamlet*. Will Rogers was blessed with success because he played himself with gusto. When Rogers' met his tragic end, as John McCormack, one of America's greatest opera stars, noted, "a smile disappeared from the lips of America."

* * *

The background of Wiley Post was somewhat different than that of Will Rogers. Wiley Hardman Post was born on a homestead in Van Zandt county, Texas, on November 22, 1898, the son of an itinerant farmer. The Post family moved several time before Wiley was twelve but by then it was obvious that Wiley had no love for the life of a farmer. He, as Will Rogers before him, had little interest in schooling either. The only talent which he displayed was the ability to repair mechanical devices.

Post didn't see his first airplane until he was fifteen and was instantly enamored of the machine. He returned home in a dream, deciding to dedicate himself to flying. But the dream would cost money. Though Wiley left home at eighteen totally disgusted with farm life, he found it too difficult to make a living without an education. He returned home for a year to raise money to attend school, in this case, the Sweeny Auto School in Kansas City, where he developed his mechanical talents.

When World War I broke out, Post was working for the Chickasha and Lawton Company near Fort Sill in Lawton, Texas. Though Post could not connive his way into a flying unit, he did volunteer and was accepted in radio school in Norman, Oklahoma. Though the skills he learned in radio school would aid him as a pilot in later life, the war finished before he completed his program.

Demobilized, Post found a job as a "roughneck" in the oil fields near Walters, Oklahoma, and worked there until 1924. Then he chanced to be in Wewoka, Texas, when

Smithsonian Institution

Wiley Post

Burrell Tibbs brought his "Texas Topnotch Flyers" to town. Tibbs' parachute jumper had been injured in a previous jump and Post talked himself into the job. When he was 2,000 feet up, Post crawled out of the open cockpit and walked along the wing of the biplane to buckle on the parachute. To Post, the people below "looked like so many ants . . . on brown and green carpets." But, in spite of the danger, "it was one of the greatest thrills of my life." According to Tibbs, Post "jumped as though he had done it all his life."

Post subsequently took the job as parachute jumper with Tibbs until he discovered he could make more money as a jumper on his own. Hiring his own plane for twenty-five dollars, he could make as much as two-hundred dollars a jump. In his career as a parachute jumper, Post always tried to please the crowd. He delayed his openings and sometimes used two parachutes — a practice used today but for a different reason. Post made ninety-nine jumps in two years but the money was still not enough buy a plane. Once again Post returned to the oil fields.

On October 1, 1926, an iron chip from a bolt struck Post's left eye. The chip lodged, became infected and Post had no choice but to have the eye removed, a tragic turn of events for a man who needed both eyes to fly. But fate was not unkind. Post received $1,800 in workman's compensation for the eye which he immediately used to buy a Canuck, a Curtis JN – 4 Jenny built in Canada. He had, in essence, traded an eye for an airplane.

In 1927, there was more than the Canuck on his mind. There was also Mae Laine. Wiley and Mae eloped on June 27, 1927. The Canuck, however, was uncooperative and over Graham, Oklahoma, the engine quit. Wiley made a forced landing and thereafter, hustled up a priest and a mechanic — in that order. The Posts spent their "honeymoon" repairing a faulty distributor.

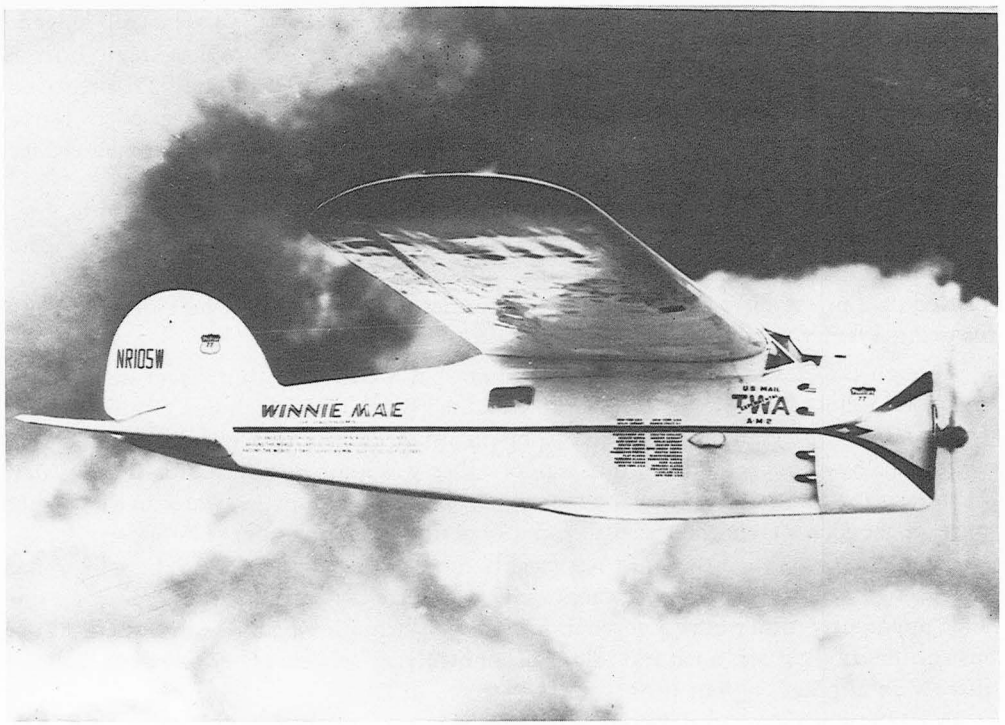
Though Post loved barnstorming, it did not pay well and within a year he was back in the oil fields. Luck, however, had not forsaken him. Two Oklahoma oilmen, Powell Briscoe and F.C. Hall, had decided to begin using aircraft to scout for oil, and they wanted to buy an airplane and hire a pilot. This was a job custom-tailored for Wiley. He now had a two-hundred dollar a month job — steady pay for an aviator in a day when most of the jobs were either barnstorming or acting as an occasional passenger pilot.

Later Briscoe recalled that Post was exactly the type of pilot he needed: he seldom had to refer to maps since he knew the area well, was not reluctant to land on strange ground and "apparently didn't have a nerve in his body. When other people were scared, Wiley just grinned." Post was a natural pilot, one of his flying students later noted, "He didn't just fly an airplane, he put it on."

In 1928, when Lockheed designed and built a novel airplane which it named the *Vega*, it immediately attracted the attention of F.C. Hall. Hall was tired of being dragged around in an open cockpit and the *Vega* offered him a modicum of comfort for his business trips. He bought a *Vega*, which he named the *Winnie Mae* after his daughter, and Post instantly fell in love with the plane which he flew until the Depression forced Hall and Briscoe to sell it in 1929. Thereafter, Post went to work for Lockheed. With the added knowledge from his experience at Lockheed, Post set his sights on a truly ambitious feat: a record-breaking flight around the world.

By 1931, the world had been circled many times. Though the *Graf Zeppelin* had accomplished the feat two years earlier, in twenty-one days, Post felt he could do it faster. In fact, he estimated he could do it in ten days. F.C. Hall agreed to put up the money and Post contracted the Australian aviator, Harold Gatty, to accompany him. After receiving permission from the Russians to land and refuel in their country, the two men took off from Roosevelt Field, Long Island on June 23, 1931. On July 1, Post and Gatty were back at Roosevelt Field having circled the earth in a record-breaking eight days, fifteen hours, and fifty-one minutes. At a ticker tape parade in New York the next day, there were few that could deny that the one-eyed, high school dropout, barnstormer was now one of the greatest pilots in America.

Post's ambitions did not stop with a single trip around the world. He broke his own record two years later, this time as a solo flyer. He made the trip between July 15 and July 22, 1933, in seven days, eighteen hours, and forty-nine minutes. (Post should also be credited with more than just flight endurance records. He was the first pilot to ride the jetstream, was instrumental in the development of the automatic pilot — a device which he used in his solo, around-the-world journey — and designed the pressurized flying suit. The pressurized flying suit which he designed, though somewhat bulky, is the forerunner of those that the astronauts used in space and on the moon.)



Smithsonian Institution

Post's loved Lockheed Vega the "Winnie Mae."

In July of 1935, Post decided to visit Alaska — though there is dispute as to exactly what he had in mind with regard to the journey. As the result of a last minute cancellation by his only passenger, Post asked Will Rogers if he would like to spend some time in Alaska and possibly Siberia. Rogers had wanted to board the *Graf Zepplin* in Rio de Janiero and fly with the dirigible across the South Atlantic and up the African coast to Europe. His plans were still in flux when Post made his offer. Rogers, who was exhausted from his latest movie, "Steamboat Around the Bend," was more than interested. He felt that his columns were slipping and he needed a journey to rejuvenate his creative juices.

Dodging the press in Seattle, who believed that Post and Rogers were going to make a bid to travel around the world, the two men loaded several cases of chili on board — Rogers' favorite food — and on August 6, 1935, took off for Alaska in Post's new red Lockheed Orion-Explorer. They spent seven days in Juneau because of the weather and then headed for Dawson and Fairbanks.

In Fairbanks, Rogers became interested in Charlie Brower, the self-styled "King of the Arctic," and urged Post to consider a flight to Barrow. Famed Alaskan bush pilot Joe Crosson advised against it. An experienced pilot himself, he noted that the Orion was dangerously nose-heavy. If its engines quit, especially at a low altitude during a takeoff or landing, the weight imbalance could lead to a crash. Post understood what Crosson was saying but Rogers, anxious to get to Barrow and paying for the trip, pressed for an early departure. Post relented and on August 15, 1935, with the Orion's gas tanks only partially full to let the plane safely take off from the waters of the Chena River, Post and Rogers left for their rendezvous with destiny.

NOTES:

For Will Rogers, see Richard M. Ketchum, *Will Rogers, His Life and Times* (American Heritage Publishing Company, Inc., 1973); Doris Shannon Garst, *Will Rogers, Immortal Cowboy* (Messner Publishing Company, 1950); and Joseph O'Brien Patrick, *Will Rogers, Ambassador of Good Will, Prince of Wit and Wisdom* (John C. Winston Company, 1935).

The material on Wiley Post came from the Smithonian Annals of Flight #88888 by Stanley R. Mohler and Bobby Johnson entitled *Wiley Post, His Winnie Mae, and the World's First Pressure Suit* (1971).

Courtesy Ray Zirkel, San Mateo Times

The senator and his wife, Jean Kerr McCarthy, stand before the stars and stripes as they enjoy a wave of applause from the partisan audience in San Mateo County, California.

AN EYEWITNESS ACCOUNT OF SENATOR JOSEPH R. McCARTHY ON THE HUSTINGS, SAN MATEO COUNTY, FEBRUARY 10, 1954

VAUGHN DAVIS BORNET

The accompanying document is an essay-letter written the same evening that I witnessed Senator Joseph R. McCarthy give a political speech to a general audience in San Mateo County, California, on February 10, 1954. The circumstances are fully explained in the letter, written to my father, Vaughn Taylor Bornet, a reinforcing and structural steel engineer, who lived in Miami Beach, Florida.

Many have written books and articles about this senator and on the subject of "McCarthyism." One excuse for publishing this short letter thirty years after the event is that most rival eyewitness accounts are by journalists, most of whom were at the time so hostile to the Wisconsin senator that their views may be considered tainted. The present account dilutes some charges made against him, while at the same time strengthening others.

The writer was at the time nearly three years past receipt of the Ph.D. in history at Stanford University. I was thirty-seven with a young family, and engaged in the beginning research stages of a project that in 1956 would result in an encyclopedic volume, *California Social Welfare* (Englewood Cliffs, NJ: Prentice-Hall, 1956). I had no academic affiliation, for the welfare research project was fully funded by the Commonwealth Club of California, a non-profit citizens club devoted to exploring public issues in a factual

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Vaughn Davis Bornet is professor emeritus of history and social science, Southern Oregon State College, Ashland, Oregon. Author of a number of books which include Labor Politics in a Democratic Republic: Moderation, Division, and Disruption in the Presidential Election of 1928 *(Washington, DC: Spartan Books, 1964) and his most recent publication* The Presidency of Lyndon B. Johnson, *volume 11 of The American Presidency Series of the University Press of Kansas (Lawrence, KS 1983). His bachelors and masters degrees are from Emory University and the doctorate in history was awarded by Stanford University.*

manner. My occupation is relevant, for in addition to being a recent doctoral student, imbued with ideals of objectivity and accuracy, my daily work was dominated by similar concerns. Thus the tone of the letter, which some might otherwise regard as quaint. In fact, it strove to write what might be termed "contemporary history." The writer never met the speaker of that evening, nor did I correspond with him. At this late date, on rereading my letter, I can certainly say categorically that I would have been mortified if I had then been photographed shaking hands with him as part of the evening's events! My friends and companions in those years were well educated supporters of the Bill of Rights who would not have easily forgiven me for associating, even briefly, with one widely notorious for utilizing "guilt by association" tactics and flinging loose charges that comprised multiple untruths. It may be that in those years all academically trained historians — regardless of degree of distaste for "communism" — shared hostility toward the Wisconsin-based politician.

The career of Senator McCarthy has tended to narrow through time, thanks to frequent repetition of old film clips and certain emotionally hostile accounts on television. Thus the famous Senate hearings, the posture of the declining and dying senator, and his general conduct on the Washington scene have come to dominate our attention. This letter, however, may well help to bring back the national figure from Wisconsin who cruised the nation as a sought-after public speaker and Republican party extremist, one who could be depended upon to raise political funds by appealing to sizable admission-paying audiences half of a continent away. (Do bear in mind that the $1.50 admission at the time was no small amount of money.) Possibly this letter, an effort to explain to my father (then in his seventies) what I saw, heard, and thought, will help recreate a past that seems far behind us. Guilt by association is by no means dead, however, and is commonly found in accusations made by Americans of many political persuasions against persons of the right and left alike. Senator McCarthy, however, was unique, and his name remains a symbol for public conduct that fails to serve well the interests of truth.

February 10, 1954

Dear Father:

It is now 10:15 PM and I am exactly 45 minutes past the end of the speech by *the* Joseph R. McCarthy. The papers have been full of his coming to San Mateo County for a week, but I had not thought too seriously of going. Tonight, however, Beth urged me to go, mainly, I suppose, because she knew I had a very sore throat and didn't feel like working and there were no movies worth seeing. Anyway, I went, with some misgivings about the $1.50 it was going to cost.

I departed for the San Mateo Fiesta Building, about 15 miles away, with some sense of doing my duty. I reflected that as a historian of the 20th century I should have some first hand impressions of the man who had occupied the front pages of newspapers from coast to coast for several years now. I wondered if any of the other young historians of my acquaintance felt so seriously their obligation to know and to feel the truth that they were also going to see the man they one and all ridiculed, on the off chance that they might, perhaps,

be wrong. I thought as I drove of the charges that the press [accounts] distorted the man; and I wondered.

I parked my car about five blocks from the building facing homeward so as to avoid the traffic after the address. Then, as I started across the street, I felt it — that odd feeling which was to stay with me until finally all eyes would be facing the platform holding the speaker and honored guests. What was the feeling? I should say that it was a feeling that I did not want people to see me. As I passed cars on their way past the entrance to the building, cars I knew were on their way to San Francisco, I hoped that none of them contained people I knew. I kept my eyes straight ahead, and kept moving. Various excuses came to my mind: things I planned subconsciously to say in the event of a salutation. "Just thought I'd look in and see what he's like." Or, "Thought I'd better know a little about the man firsthand."

As the line of cars I was passing turned into one definitely headed for the Fiesta building and nowhere else, my thoughts turned to the persons heading as I was — toward the McCarthy speech. I gave them searching glances to ascertain if there was anything unique about them. What kind of people were they, these people who would pay to come to see this man when they could be home enjoying TV? They were like any others, I soon decided, although they tended to run toward the senior citizen type and, interestingly, the high school and college crowd. I soon noticed that the young people who were walking in bunches were cracking jokes, somewhat wryly, about their being there at all. Remarks about "fascist," and "Hitler," and "totalitarian" floated over to me, but there was good natured laughter and horse play accompanying the conversation, too. At the ticket booth a man buying a ticket said, "Wouldn't have to do this except my wife sold fifty tickets to this speech and sold her own this morning." There was a ring of pride in his voice.

On entering the building I paused briefly at a booth by the door where literature was being distributed. Four or five booklets dealt with the state board of equalization, some obscure county official who was planning to run for something, a plea by some Russian language periodical about the duty of Americans to understand the fact that White Russians were loyal and not Communists, and a brochure issued by the Republican party assembly, so-called, of the county[,] listing innumerable names of minor functionaries.

A government document containing, I judged, the recommendations of the McCarthy Committee in some matter was being given away, so I took one for later reference in case I had not already read it. A pair of fast talking middle-aged men tried to pin DAV [Disabled American Veterans] ribbons or something similar on me, but I kept on going and they did not press the point; they were used to it by the time I arrived, I judged.

The hall, three-quarters full on my arrival, quickly filled. I found a seat on the front row of a section somewhat off to one side. I had an excellent view, which I augmented throughout with a pair of opera glasses I had brought with me. The gentlemen to both sides of me were what the unthinking call "hack politicians," but what they prefer to read in the papers as "party functionaries" [--] but usually have to settle for "minor party functionaries." One quickly introduced himself without waiting for me to settle in my chair, shook hands, and stated that he was with some planning commission somewhere in some county. I did not cross examine him.

This man must not be overlooked, however, for he is a key to the real meaning of the speaker of that evening. Quickly he showed me his name on the pamphlet listing county party workers. "I sure have been working to put this over," he said, looking at me closely (as he did every two minutes all evening) to see what my reaction was to his points. "Taxes are too high," he soon said out of any context whatsoever. Before long he was talking of the Eisenhower program as practically passed and expressing his delight that the government was at least getting in the hands of men who "know their stuff." Those "big executives" really know how to get things done, he affirmed.

Behind me I heard two fidgeting women talking about a third who, they said, was hovering around the platform in the hope of being invited at the last minute to sit there when all the seats in the vicinity would be gone. All were loyal precinct workers of the [Republican] party, I quickly judged.

At that moment the McCarthy party entered through a side entrance. People all around stood up, at first I thought from respect, but I later decided that while some may have, others merely wanted a good look. They were just plain curious. And then I formulated the idea that even the most loyal of the party workers were not quite sure. They had heard so much, so much derogatory about this man. They were not quite sure that he would do them more good than harm in their county. They said so, and had said so, over and over, but they were not quite sure. It was not long before they were completely won over, however, and I should say that they were more than satisfied at the close of the evening.

For everything went well. There was no question about it; from their *party* point of view the evening was a success. Ward Bond the movie actor, thick with Irish (Catholic) accent, introduced the speaker, following an invocation by what appeared to be a light tan Negro Baptist minister who droned on and on, blessing each group of the citizenry in their turn. I saw no Catholic priests anywhere.

Bond, in fact, set the tone of the evening quite quickly. Hollywood, he said, had been full of Communists. If it still was, they were no longer known. (To the public, I presume he meant.) He stumbled over the words "I have known Joe McCarthy for . . . uh, um, several years since 1948 . . . ." For the only time during the evening, I muttered out loud, "What in the devil does that mean?" but the chilly atmosphere from my two professionals on both sides made me think that they would enjoy their evening more if I would show non partisanship regardless of what I thought from then on.

McCarthy's wife, meanwhile, had occupied my attention. She was beautiful, no doubt about it, and well dressed. A big and warm smile as she entered and animated conversation before things began in earnest quickly faded to a frozen expression of the type commonly worn by wives who have heard it all a thousand times before. Although I watched closely through my glasses from time to time all evening, I never caught a revealing look as her husband proceeded. Several times, however, when he brought her into his talk in a casual, almost informal way, she smiled appropriately. I had the feeling that she had heard these "extemporaneous" remarks about "the way a dutiful wife files her husband's papers" before.

McCarthy himself was perfectly composed. He was a master of the corny tricks that get an audience "with" a speaker. His address was nothing if not

informal. Midway through he took off his coat with a remark about the heat. Frequently he drank water — in all about two quarts; he had a severe cold and a husky voice. A big Irish smile and unassuming manner coupled with a number of humorous asides and quips, often at his own expense, helped win over many, no doubt, who had expected to boo or hiss. I watched the faces of young men in the audience whom I expected to see manifesting signs of impatience or irritation with his remarks; they sat quietly with but little expression on their faces. There were few interruptions from the audience, shouted remarks, etc., for on the occasions when someone tried the usual shouted question or exclamation the speaker either ignored it or smiled tolerantly and made some light remark. The effect was devastating, and the audience plainly did not want the show interrupted. For it was a show, and a good actor spoke that night.

McCarthy began by lifting to the dias a pile of messy looking reports, chiefly government documents, about a foot thick. Each pamphlet had pasted on the top, bottom, and side margins index tabs an inch in length which made it easy to get at the appropriate example. This, I judged, was more useful in question and answer periods than during actual speeches. Yet the speaker gave the impression . . . of ad libbing the *order* in which he dug up his cases or examples, and even the ones to be used. He fumbled with the messy pile as though puzzled, remarking (as noted above) that a good wife would have made the pile neater; this drew laughs, and the contrast McCarthy made with most speakers — who go to great pains to have everything neat and indeed perfect so that they can rattle off their spiel — attracted audience sympathy.

It has been charged against the speaker of the evening that he was a phony war hero who traded on the real heros, etc. The impression has been circulated in the liberal-left magazines that the Senator from Wisconsin was inclined to brag about his war record. This evening Joe disarmed his critics in the audience on this score and won a clear victory on the point. Referring to his service on Bouganville, he said at the outset that he was no pilot, no navigator, no bombardeer, but only a ground officer. He said that he occasionally went on flights, but only when convinced they were "safe." General smiles.

The McCarthy "method" with a live audience is very cleverly contrived . . . . I felt that a hired photographer with two Leicas who operated throughout the speech from 45 degrees *behind* the speaker was engaged in photographing audience reaction for later study and improvement purposes. I watched this photographer for many minutes through my opera glasses and could see no reason why he should be aiming his camera beyond the speaker and sharply to his left. Nor did he snap the shutter when the speaker was in action but rather when the speaker concluded his points. But about the "method."

The method is simplicity, but so personalized with concrete examples, real names of living people, and anecdotes, that most adults beyond college age in the audience probably were unaware of how they were being played upon emotionally. The speaker was no firebrand; pounding of the table, arm waving, and hypnotic use of the voice were not much in evidence. The emotionalism came from the content of what he said. I felt that he would have been almost as effective in print — provided he had some way of getting his readers in a pleasant and relaxed frame of mind before letting them begin reading.

First there is the case of the two soldiers. The first is the horrible example: bound with barbed wire, a prisoner, machine-gunned with his comrades, thrown in the mud and covered for two days, finally rescued and testifying to the courage of his comrades to a Congressional committee. Then there is the other: a stateside major, refusing to complete the answers on a questionnaire on grounds of self-incrimination and then repeatedly refusing to explain his past history before the McCarthy committee. The speaker calls this man a "Fifth Amendment" Communist throughout. Now and then the speaker returns to this first example. Soon he produces another: the captives of the Chinese beyond the Yalu River and their uncertain fate; or the 900 prisoners who disappeared from captivity versus some Fifth Amendment Communists . . . .

Defiantly Senator McCarthy refuses to avoid partisan politics in all this. There are and have been loyal Democrats he says, and he names some in politics: [Senators] [Pat] McCarren, [Walter] George, [Robert] Byrd and [Congressman Martin] Dies. But they could not control their party, he says, and casts barbs at the ADA [Americans for Democratic Action]. Mentioning [Averill] Harriman in passing, he did not call him a Communist; rather, he was "that great American." Nor did he stoop to a sneer on the word "great." Somehow, the whole audience understood clearly, although the tape recorded version might fool a later generation of listeners into missing the high sarcasm of the remark.

Repeatedly the speaker inquired if the audience in one distant section of the hall could hear him. Despite his sore throat he would talk louder, he affirmed, and I could feel the audience nodding with approval of this man who cared whether or not each of its members could get their dollar and a half's worth.

As the speaker made each of his points, the grass roots party worker on my left would peer into my face to see if I was being convinced. Religiously he applauded at each appropriate time, a duty from which I was exempted, partially by design, by my grip on my opera glasses. I could feel this man estimating in his mind how many votes might be won by each of the points being made on the platform: now five, now ten more; in his heart he was rubbing his hands with pleasure. When the speaker urged his audience to ask every candidate for office this year how they stood on the "blood trade" with Red China and [then] vote according to the answer, my seatmate purred with pleasure and grunted emphatic approval.

Somehow I knew from the first that the speaker would end his talk on a "high" note. Belief in the immortal God and [in] the soul were endorsed at the close, even as American mothers and young men had been praised earlier. The Lion's tail was twisted, and grave doubts were cast on whether money being sent abroad went for worthwhile purposes. A little over an hour, and it was done. The audience, I felt, was glad it had attended. And the grass roots party workers were prepared to reap the financial benefits to the county machinery which the speaker had brought. The next speaker, coming in two months, it was announced amid applause, would be Mrs. Oveta Culp Hobby [Secretary of HEW]. "Ought to get a good turnout of women," grunted my neighbor with approval, as he rushed forward to shake a few hands as the McCarthy party moved toward the waiting automobile.

FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK

In the last issue we cited the various staff changes which had occurred in our office, and we took pleasure in introducing our readers to the staff and to the off-campus members of the publications advisory board. Now it is time to focus on those board members who are on the faculty or staff of the University of the Pacific. Three of our members have been on the teaching faculty for fifteen to twenty years and have served the university in various capacities. Ronald H. Limbaugh is director of the Holt-Atherton Center for Western Studies, chair of the publications advisory board, and a professor of history, specializing in the history of California and the West. He is the author of numberous articles and books, most notably *Rocky Mountain Carpetbaggers: Idaho's Territorial Governors* (1982), and co-author of *Calaveras County Mining, Logging and Railroading* (1981) and *Vacaville* (1978). He holds a Ph.D. from the University of Idaho and is currently Project Director of the John Muir Papers Microform Project, located at the Holt-Atherton Center, and for which he won funding from the National Historical Publications and Records Commission, the National Endowment for the Humanities, and several private foundations.

Erling A. Erickson is Associate Dean of the College of the Pacific, former chairperson of the department of history at the university, and is a professor of history. He holds a Ph.D. from the University of Iowa and is a specialist in business history. Among his other publications, he is the author of *Banking in Frontier Iowa* and co-author of *The American Quest*, a two-volume textbook.

Arlen J. Hansen is a professor of English and has twice held Fulbright awards, to Vienna and Aachen, and has been recognized with numerous additional awards and honors. He earned a Ph.D. at the University of Iowa and is a specialist in western literature, with a particular interest in humor, focusing on Mark Twain.

R. Ann Zinck is Associate Professor of Education in the School of Education. She holds a Ph.D. from the University of Georgia and is a specialist in curriculum and computers. In addition to her own research and writings, she is the chairperson of the university's Faculty Research Committee and serves as its representative to the publications advisory board. Bart M. Harloe is an Associate Professor on the staff of the Martin Library at the university. He is a reference librarian and the collection development coordinator, with a special interest in history and the social sciences. He holds the M.L.S. from the University of Pittsburgh and the M.S. from San Francisco State University. Finally, Doyle R. Minden is Director of Public Relations at the university. He holds a B.J. degree and represents the Office of Public Relations on the advisory board.

It is our privilege to welcome all of these capable professionals to our operation, and we look forward to working with them on policy development.

REVIEWS OF WESTERN BOOKS

Authoritative reviews of recent publications

ROLLING RIVERS: AN ENCYCLOPEDIA OF AMERICA'S RIVERS. *Edited by Richard A. Bartlett. (New York, NY: McGraw-Hill Book Co., 1984. vii + 399 pp., illus., index, $29.95)*

This collection of essays draws upon the knowledge, enthusiasm and expository skills of a number of contributors, most of them professional historians. The essays, usually two and a half to three and a half pages, are uniformly enjoyable sketches of the human experience associated with major rivers and their basins. It is a general reference for which students, prospective tourists and armchair explorers of local and regional heritage should be most appreciative.

The encyclopedia is organized into six regional segments, in each of which the order of essays is alphabetical. The segments which deal with the rivers of the East Coast, northeast Mississippi valley, northwest Mississippi valley and the Southeast and Texas receive something over three-quarters of the coverage, but the rivers of the Great Basin and Arizona, and the Pacific Coast and Alaska are by no means slighted. Each segment is prefaced by the editor, and each essay is headed with a box in which the river's extremities and length are given, information which the reader will find helpful with an atlas in hand, as the work has few maps.

Although the essays vary in degree of emphasis, the general model begins with a non-technical description of the river system and the natural region through which it courses. The following section discusses the origin of names and highlights the presence of indigenous people. The penetration and development of the river basin by Europeans and Americans and the salient matters of navigation, commerce and regional land use are delineated. Finally, a section touches upon the nature of river and watershed modification through public works or the impairments resulting from other human activity. A short list of additional readings appears at the end of each essay with the name of the author(s).

One accepts that the editor had to be selective in choosing rivers for inclusion, but essays on the Mohawk and Chicago rivers would seem to have been more important to a comprehensive work than those concerning several of the Southeastern rivers. Perhaps the institutional affiliation of the contributors should have been mentioned. Among the infrequent editorial blemishes are inconsistencies in naming principals of historic events, in data appearing in essays and in the boxed orientations and a meaningless or transposed sentence or two. However, the pleasure of reading the work is not marred.

John Thompson

John Thompson is a professor of geography at the University of Illinois, Urbana. His extensive research has focused on river, floodplain and wetland problems. His publications, related to land drainage and floodplain settlement, include The Tule Breakers, The Story of the California Dredge *which was reviewed in the Fall 1984 issue of THE PACIFIC HISTORIAN.*

THE WILDER SHORE. *Text by David Rains Wallace, photographs by Morley Baer, foreword by Wallace Stegner. (San Francisco, CA: Sierra Club Books. 1984, 176 pp., illus., appendix, biblio., index. $50)*

The Sierra Club has been pre-eminent in its role as guardian of the nation's scenic and ecological resources, but its focus has been the West. It is appropriate that *The Wilder Shore*, which is part of the club's award winning exhibit format, concentrates on California, that great state stretching for a thousand miles along the Pacific edge of the continent. The prevailing theme throughout the book is the influence of the California landscape on literature. The relationship between the natural environment and the writing it has produced is not unique to the West, but the authors of this work argue persuasively that there is something intrinsic about the hills, valleys, forests, mountains and deserts of California that sharply affected the literary efforts of writers from Richard Henry Dana to Gary Snyder.

The book contains seventy-five superb photographs by Morley Baer interspersed between an eloquent and perceptive text by David Rains Wallace. Indeed, the book design, in terms of paper, printing and format, is an integral part of the total production and as such contributes equally to the overall success.

By following closely the text and photographs in this outstanding book, one can, in Wallace's words, "transect the state to chart not only changes in the land, but in the way people have felt and expressed themselves about it." *The Wilder Shore* is not only a book about the California landscape, it is a book about seeing and hearing and smelling. Baer's photographs are the work of a mature artist. Look, for example, at "the stark sandstone formations at Garrapata Point," p. iii, or "Sprouting Millet in the Sacramento Valley," p. 85. Morley

Baer's prose is a rhapsody by a man in love with his task, i.e., "interspersed with the ammonia smell of the sinks are breezes of intoxicating freshness and fragrance, the breath of a million wild plants," or "I felt I were eating the mountains in some mildly sacramental way, and I knew I wouldn't be satisfied until I got up there to devour them in the flesh."

At times Baer's observations are open to question but these have little to do with the thrust of the book. For example, "Ancient Rome did not yearn for the technological utopia, as many Americans do, but longed for a prehistorical golden age," is a speculation that needs substantial qualification, as does, "Sumner, the first large city, was founded on irrigation and fell because of the gradual destruction of its irrigation system." These are minor points, for on balance, *The Wilder Shore* is a remarkable book. Both the Sierra Club and the authors are to be congratulated.

Knox Mellon

Knox Mellon recently retired as director of the California Office of Historic Preservation and as the State Historic Preservation Officer. He is the author of The Development of Civilization.

JACK LONDON — AN AMERICAN RADICAL? *By Carolyn Johnston. (Westport, CT: Greenwood Press, 1984. xviii + 205 pp., biblio., index. $29.95)*

Literary recognition of Jack London as an important American author has been increasing steadily since the publication of the first comprehensive bibliography of his writings in 1966. Critical and analytical articles and an increasing number of books have been appearing frequently in recent years. Now comes this latest title by Carolyn Johnston who attempts to analyze and categorize London's success (or failure?) as a socialist. While an interesting effort in this reviewer's opinion, the analysis falls somewhat short of its mark.

It is well that the title of the book ends in a question mark, perhaps indicating that the author herself is unsure of London's radical status. Other writers have tried to portray London as a proletarian hero corrupted by capitalism, or have dismissed his radicalism as shallow. London lectured on socialism and preached class revolution, but at the same time, he embodied the American dream of success. London wanted to get out into the literary market place and earn all the money he could. He had a hundred places to spend his earnings, and he loved the comforts and conveniences that money could buy. Is this the mark of a true socialist? This reviewer remains unconvinced that he was a solid socialist, as biographer Richard O'Connor, also doubts. His daughter Joan, herself a professed socialist, perhaps was biased in her analysis of her father as a socialist, as probably was Philip Foner. Vil Bykov, the Soviet biographer, would be expected to do nothing more than portray London as a comrade.

To give the author her due, this account of London's radicalism is the first to draw on all of London's personal papers and give a balanced view of his contributions. The author is fortunate indeed to have been granted access to the London archives in the Huntington Library. Dare this reviewer hope that this "crack in the door" might mean that some competent scholar will soon undertake the definitive biography of London?

This is an interesting book in its composition. It possesses an adequate index, but the footnotes are almost overwhelming. There are a total of 460 footnotes, adding up to a total of fifty-nine pages of text (including the bibliography) out of a total of 205 pages, almost one-third of the book! Items in the bibliography are not numbered, but merely categorized by subject type, and listed alphabetically. It would have helped to have had them referred to more specifically in the body of the text. This reviewer picked up only one nagging typographical error in the bibliography. If the Woodbridge-London-Tweney Bibliography had been first published in 1906 as indicated, this reviewer could never have been one of the co-authors!

Professor Johnston's graduate thesis has been turned into an interesting analytical text, and provides a book that all London students and collectors will want to have on their shelves.

George H. Tweney

George H. Tweney is a professor of engineering at Highline College at Midway, Washington. Author, historian and book collector, his first edition collection of the complete works of Jack London is now housed in the special collections division of the Ohio State University Library at Columbus. He is co-author of Jack London — a Bibliography.

ZANE GREY'S ARIZONA. *By Candace C. Kant. (Flagstaff, AZ: Northland Press, 1984. xix + 184 pp., illus., notes, biblio. $14.95)*

If Zane Grey were a major literary figure instead of a major American phenomenon, *Zane Grey's Arizona* would be a significant scholarly assessment of one part of his career. Candace Kant, judiciously weaving biographical details with fictional descriptions, shows the reader exactly why and how Grey's Arizona experiences influenced his writing. The book is well done — its discussions convincing, its interpolations neither eccentric nor far-fetched. In short, if Zane Grey were a master artist, a study of this type would be a model of biographical criticism.

Unfortunately, such is not the case. Because Zane Grey's fiction is less interesting as art than as cultural revelation, it must be discussed in context and not applauded uniformly. A work which withholds criticism is immediately suspect. Kant has written a fascinating documentary, has unearthed some eye-opening biographical details, has read the Arizona fiction carefully, and then has avoided any evaluation whatsoever. So, while her book is well worth reading, especially for the Zane Grey aficionado, and is valuable to scholars seeking personal details, it is not especially helpful to anyone looking for discerning literary criticism. The book just does not contain enough critical judgment.

Perhaps Kant, mistakenly believing her materials called for complete objectivity, adopted a non-judgmental tone on purpose. Her book's organization suggests this is so. She begins by dividing a biographical section into four parts, tracing Grey's own adventures near the Grand Canyon, on Arizona's Indian reservations, through the Sonoran desert and along the Mogollon Rim. Then she repeats the pattern, discussing the fiction that Grey set in each of these four geographical areas. Although the approach leads to minor repetition, it nonetheless helps the author keep her materials at arm's length. She is tempted neither to interpret the psychological aspects of the novels, nor to evaluate the results. The final section of her book, dealing with Zane Grey and the silver screen, exemplifies the same strength and weakness. While it contains useful documentation and well-researched detail, it fails to evaluate the mass of information.

My reservation, however, does not outweigh my pleasure when reading the book. Apparently sanctioned by Zane Grey Incorporated — Grey's son wrote its foreword, so he may have had something to say about its editorial content too — Kant's book offers an intriguing look at the man who set the format for "cowboy lit," who helped shape the embryonic film industry and who remains today a "best-seller" of pulps and paperbacks. Despite its lack of judicious assessment, *Zane Grey's Arizona* explains a great deal about this important twentieth-century luminary and his sources.

Ann Ronald

Ann Ronald is a professor of English at the University of Nevada, Reno. She is the author of Zane Grey, The New West of Edward Abbey *and the forth-coming* Words for the Wild. *Last year she was president of the Western Literature Association.*

THE PATHLESS WAY: JOHN MUIR AND AMERICAN WILDERNESS. *By Michael P. Cohen. (Madison: University of Wisconsin Press, 1984. xviii + 408 pp., notes, index. No price.)*

Michael Cohen's *The Pathless Way* is not a conventional book on John Muir. It is neither a biography nor a compilation of the master mountaineer's often lyrical prose. It presents few dates, little background on Muir's family or on his thirty pre-California years, yet it is a tour de force, a remarkable narrative of spiritual and political development. Cohen, a sensitive, anti-establishment student of the Sierra, now a college professor, absorbed what he considers the mystical and spiritual essence of the mountains, particularly those in and around Yosemite Valley, during ten youthful years. Not only did he explore its wilderness and climb its peaks, he "explored," he said, "my own thoughts about the mountains, and about parks."

Eventually this philosophical, searching and novel book evolved with its fresh insights on a man who has become a legend. It is based on meticulous research in Muir's writings, as well as on Cohen's own inward and outward journeys. "This book about Muir," Cohen admits, "is about my own thinking; and not only my own thinking but the thinking of a whole community, of my generation. Muir always had a special place in our hearts . . . ."

Naturally Muir's observations on nature and man-the-invader, are quoted frequently to document his baptism in wilderness and the emergence of his ecological consciousness. His fearlessness, challenged and inspired by wilds, his transcendentalism, his writing, truly a glacial-like task for him, are all presented in detail. They mirror Cohen's highly personal conclusions.

Cohen's interpretation of Muir's pathless way through the mountains, forests and swamps of politics is often profound, always intense and thoughtful, and especially germane to a devoted community of ecologists. Cohen follows Muir's negotiation of the talus slopes of becoming a politician, a role he had to assume, no matter how alien and distasteful, to become a pragmatic defender of wilderness. In 1901, Muir testified:

> . . . I have done the best I could to show forth the beauty, grandeur, and all-embracing usefulness of our wild mountain forest reservations and parks, with a view to inciting the people to come and enjoy them, and get them into their hearts so that at length their preservation and right use might be made sure.

Those words resound even now as eloquent and wholehearted, not as complex or mystical as in Cohen's portrayal. At times, his interpretations, his assumptions of how Muir reacted to experiences, nature and people, seem exaggerated to this reviewer. Was Muir truly the meditative, mystical individual Cohen depicts in 366 pages of text? Was the tender-hearted Scot so contemptuous of "Lord Man," embodied by tourists, as Cohen seems to feel? Is Muir's narrative story of *My Boyhood and Youth* "dull"? Was his "life forever caught between the values of civilization and those of wilderness . . . a narrative of loss"? The political man and his development is a main subject. Muir as citizen, fruit-grower, loyal, teasing friend, devoted husband and overprotective father is all but ignored. Instead, Cohen describes the tensions and ethereal aspects that he discerns. His oft unanswered, and unanswerable, questions, his views of Muir's spiritual, intellectual and political growth are insightful, challenging and new. They deserve an audience with scholars and Muir devotees.

Shirley Sargent

Shirley Sargent, who lives outside the western boundary of Yosemite National Park, has written many books on the history of the Yosemite

area, its pioneers and famous visitors. Among her most recent books are Yosemite's Historic Wawona *(1979) and* A Western Journey with Mr. Emerson *(1980) and* Dear Papa *,letters exchanged between John Muir and his daughter Wanda.*

BEYOND GEOGRAPHY: THE WESTERN SPIRIT AGAINST THE WILDERNESS. *By Frederick Turner. (New Brunswick, NJ: Rutgers University Press, 1983. xvii + 329 pp., notes, index. $10.95)*

Before muddling into a hybrid version of the passionless précis or the pseudo-expert's fustian evaluation, let me state categorically that five hundred words cannot do justice to Turner's vivid blow by blow account of the Pyrrhic victory of western man over wilderness and wastelands. Don't waste time on reviews, read the book! For those impervious to sound advice, proceed guardedly. You have been forewarned.

Academics cannot be trusted to tell the truth about why they write. Turner can. It is no case of publish or perish. He is a prophet. "I wanted to write about my vision that the real story of the coming of European civilization to the wilderness of the world is a spiritual story." His use of "spiritual" is suspect since the drama that unfolds is of predatory pragmatists destroying morality, aesthetics and culture in their lust for gain. (Turner writes with more restraint.) Religious fervor unquestionably promoted expansion, but zealotry and bigotry are far from spiritual. Turner knows this. The flaw is in language.

"To me," Turner resumes, "it is a story of a civilization that substituted history for myth as a way of understanding life." With our word allotment shrinking rapidly, let's settle for revising the author's sentence. "Europeans substituted bad history for good." He explains: "In subsequent months my vision became more coherent, less personal. A large panorama began to disclose itself and yet the thing was still a vision, not a thesis. The latter implies a logically constructed argument that moves by judicious use of evidence to a conclusion supported by the facts. What I had in mind was beyond that kind of proving . . . ."

Here, Turner's problem converges with mine. Phrased bluntly, a thesis is not history. It is a contribution to the comprehension of history. The "method" that has dominated historical research and teaching for a century lacks a crucial dimension as a result of mindless mimicry of what humanists misguidedly conceived as science. This accusation is not directed against objectivity or detachment, but against dogmatism. Foremost scientists are aware of the limits of the canons of their faith. As Heisenberg indicated, positivism and pragmatism satisfy demands for precision and clarity, but err greatly with "taboos" and restrictions against subjective consideration of "wider connections of thought leaving us without a compass and in danger of losing our way."

Beyond Geography supplies that missing dimension. It is an example of how creative history should be written, needing neither apology nor explication. The style is compelling, a virtue repressed in my graduate days as a subjective and subversive device for intruding "value judgments" into objective prose and contrary to mandatory "methodology." Turner's work *has* a thesis — justifying a lengthy initial excursion into the ancient world. Once Columbus steps onto the stage, the pace grows swift and intense — like gliding into the tongue of a river approaching powerful rapids. Turner produces a fresh, profound and dramatic perspective on American history. *Beyond Geography* should be compulsory reading for all college graduates, and especially for prospective "educators."

"Clarity is gained through breadth," quoth Niels Bohr. Right! To Einstein's assertion, "God does not throw dice," he replied "Nor is it our business to prescribe

to God how He should run the world." I give our contemporary intrepid Dragonslayer, George Hayduke, the last word. "Somebody's got to do it." Columbus could have been the antichrist.

Take the helm . . .

Owen Ulph

Owen Ulph, emeritus professor of history and humanities at Reed College, Portland, Oregon, is the author of The Fiddleback *(1981) and* The Leather Throne *(1984).*

THIS LAND IS YOUR LAND: THE STRUGGLE TO SAVE AMERICA'S PUBLIC LANDS. *By Bernard Shanks. (San Francisco: Sierra Club Books, 1984. x + 310 pp., illus., biblio., index. $19.95)*

Mr. Shanks has written a provocative book on a very provocative subject: Who really runs the one third of America that is, theoretically, public land owned by the American people?

The author makes a telling case for the persistent suspicion that not too much has changed since John Muir, and later, Bernard De Voto, suggested that the public lands were being administered for the benefit of a few special interests. The notion of industrial foxes guarding the forest and mineral henhouses of our public lands is nothing new.

What is new (and quite effective) is that Mr. Shanks is clever enough to appeal to the conservatism of the times by pointing out that the taxpayers are getting robbed by the selling of timber, grazing and mineral leases at "firesale" prices. Shanks' chapter titles are evocative: "The Persistence of Greed"; "Water: Dammed for the Few"; "Mining: A Firesale of Gold and Gas."

One of the author's most effective points is made in the chapter on "The Nation's Largest Welfare Program" in which Shanks points out that our public lands programs are nothing more than welfare for the rich. (It has always been an irritant that the representatives of these heavily subsidized stockmen, miners, and loggers always point to the "Chicago Welfare Mother" as being the heart of the nation's dry rot!) Shanks also lets us in on the well kept secret that while only three percent of the nation's beef is raised on public lands, the taxpayer gets the bill for present and future overgrazing damages.

On the negative side, Shanks writes with a somewhat strident, didactic style that could be leavened with a bit of humor. The unfortunate lack of footnotes make it difficult to evaluate some of Shanks' criticism: i.e. "All federal agencies are political, but resource professionals consider the Park Service the most subservient to Washington politics." Oh? Which "resource professionals"?

Shanks implies that it would be difficult or impossible to do a private rafting or kayaking trip on the Colorado as "Most permits for the Grand Canyon have been earmarked for influential commercial boaters." According to the river ranger at Grand Canyon, this is simply not true: A qualified amateur with a reasonably flexible schedule should have no trouble getting his week on the river.

Shanks also objects to the N.P.S. operating urban national recreation areas that serve more tax payers than parks such as Yellowstone, without providing, in my opinion, an adequate reason for his objection.

All considered, *This Land Is Your Land* is a prickly book and will fuel many an argument.

Read it.

P.J. Ryan

P.J. Ryan is editor of Thunderbear, *the alternative National Park Service Newsletter, and is a twenty year veteran of the Park Service.*

THE FEDERAL LANDS REVISITED. *By Marion Clawson. (Washington, DC: Resources for the Future, 1983. xix + 302 pp., appendix, index. No price)*

Marion Clawson has been writing about the nation's public lands for nearly half a century. Moreover, during part of that time he was an administrator of federal lands in Washington. Clawson probably knows more about the public lands, and their administration and management, than anyone in the United States. In his latest book he does not deal with all the federal lands, but concentrates on those lands administered by the Forest Service and the Bureau of Land Management.

While Clawson provides some historical background as to how the United States acquired and held on to public lands, he is mainly concerned with current land policy. He believes the United States will continue to own approximately the same amount of land it now holds; therefore, he considers the matter of future administration and management vitally important.

During recent years there has been considerable argument over federal land policy. Clawson devotes a chapter to the ideas and justifications for retaining federal lands in government hands, and another to the arguments of those who want the government to dispose of its lands to private owners. While his discussions are judicious and objective, Clawson is among those who believe the federal government should keep its lands. However, he clearly recognizes that improvements in administration and management by the Forest Service and the B.L.M. are not only desirable but necessary. Clawson makes a number of suggestions for improvements in administering and handling the public lands.

Starting around 1960 several laws were passed that placed greater responsibility on federal agencies for planning, inventorying the land, protecting the environment and achieving other worthy goals. Such laws as the Federal Land Policy and Management Act of 1976 also require public participation in the planning process. Congress deemed this desirable because of the growing demand for multi-purpose use. The demands for wilderness areas, camping sites and recreational areas, in addition to the traditional grazing and forest functions, have multiplied the problems of land administration.

Clawson believes that the nation should get more out of its land than it is now doing. This can be done only if people are informed and they support better administrative and management policies. This book makes a good case for looking at new solutions to old problems associated with the public lands. Every person interested in land policy should read this book. It raises basic questions, it offers ideas and it will stimulate thought. The book also includes a list of Clawson's other writings on public lands and a number of statistical tables which provide information on oil and gas leases, grazing, forest service receipts and other important data.

Gilbert C. Fite

Gilbert C. Fite, professor of American history at the University of Georgia, Athens, is currently writing a biography of Senator Richard B. Russell. His research includes rural and agricultural history and his most recent book is Cotton Fields No More: Southern Agriculture, 1865-1980 *(1984).*

TAHOE: AN ENVIRONMENTAL HISTORY. *By Douglas H. Strong. (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1984. xviii + 252 pp., illus., notes, biblio., maps, index. $16.95)*

After reading *Tahoe: An Environmental History*, this reviewer encountered good news in an article describing the work of the Tahoe Conservancy which will soon start to buy $85 million worth of environmentally sensitive lands in the Tahoe Basin. But the next issue of the newspaper contained the bad news that planned expansion of Harvey's hotel-casino is expected to cause paralyzing traffic jams and increased levels of air pollution which could limit further construction in the Tahoe Basin.

Professor Strong has done his research and clearly tells us how "The Lake" came to be what we see today; a mixture of the pristine and the obscene. He shows us the genesis of an area where the struggle between the advocates of development and the proponents of protection have sparred since the late 1800s. The roles of residents, the Sierra Club, and local organizations are clearly expounded. Still it is evident that the multiplicity of local, state, and federal agencies of both California and Nevada have failed to devise any realistic political solutions to the problems of protecting the basin environment.

The villain, if there is one, is urbanization. Now "The Lake" is used by tens of thousands rather than by several thousands. Local areas have become urbanized but still provide recreation. The turbidity of "The Lake" has increased, and what are the consequences to esthetics? Does anyone think that Tahoe will ever again be a pristine mountain lake? The author touches upon all these ideas but leaves it to the reader to develop them more thoroughly.

The one discussion which I expected but couldn't find was whether or not "The Lake" should be looked upon as a "National Sacrifice Area," sacrificed to the avarice of the gambling industry and other development interests. Perhaps this would call for more commentary than is expected in an environmental history.

A measure of a good book is the thought and action which it stimulates. This well-documented and readible case history tells us of the compromises which have dulled the luster of this jewel. Possibly others will read and react by not letting what happened to Lake Tahoe happen elsewhere. Then, I am sure, Professor Strong will be pleased.

Stephen K. Stocking

Stephen K. Stocking is an instructor of botany and environmental biology at San Joaquin Delta College and an author of publications dealing with native plants. For twenty years he has been a teacher, ranger-naturalist, hiker-skier, and environmental activist in the Sierra Nevada.

LIVING THE SKY: THE COSMOS OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN. *By Ray A. Williamson. (Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1984. xi + 366 pp., illus., notes, biblio., index. $19.95)*

Folk astronomy, native calendrical systems, and alignments of prehistoric buildings to define the equinoxes are all aspects of an emerging field called archaeoastronomy. Awareness that native North American groups had a lively interest in astronomical phenomena, including accurate reckoning of the solstices, has come about only recently. This book is a professional astronomer's account of what he has learned.

Dr. Williamson sketches the nature and history of this field and introduces the reader to Native American lifeways, then discusses movements of the sun, moon, planets and stars in terms that non-astronomers can readily understand. The next 250 pages are given over to the astronomical significance in certain rock art figures; the postulated solar or stellar alignments of mounds, medicine wheels, Anasazi pueblos and other prehistoric structures around North America; and to aspects of the ceremonial life and beliefs of the Zuni, Hopi, Navaho, Pawnee, Natchez and several California Indian groups. Particularly intriguing are suggestions that several rock art figures may record a supernova explosion in A.D. 1054.

The author rightly stresses that Native Americans and Western Europeans had very different perceptions of the cosmos. His arguments that all of the prehistoric features reviewed here had astronomical or "ritual" significance are convincing in some cases, less so in others. The New England stone chambers, for example, are more generally recognized as storage cellars constructed in the late eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.

The book unfortunately has no real structure. The reader is taken along a sort of continual discovery process or odyssey, where the focus shifts among prehistoric sites, folklore, native religion, solar energy and numerology until examples are exhausted. The implicit message that astronomical observations and cosmology were central to everyday existence reflects the author's immersion in the subject as much as it does native philosophies that stressed harmony with nature. Several major errors were found: Ute Indians do not speak an Athabascan language (p. 153); the Mescalero Apache have never lived in northwestern New Mexico (p. 298); and the prehistoric Mimbres culture was in southern New Mexico, not in Arizona (p. 192). However, one of the most effective sections (pp. 299-314) elucidates a general Native American world view and contrasts this with the comparable view held by western society.

Illustrations include both photographs and line drawings, all nicely done. *Living the Sky* is a good, moderately-priced introduction to a new field.

John P. Wilson

Dr. Wilson, anthropologist, resides in Las Cruces, New Mexico, where he is a consultant for archeological and historical research. His interests range across Southwestern prehistory and history, from the earliest Spanish explorations to twentieth century homesteaders, and native Americans. Most of his work appears in limited-distribution reports.

THE TSIMSHIAN AND THEIR NEIGHBORS OF THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST. *Edited by Jay Miller and Carol M. Eastman. (Seattle, WA: University of Washington Press, 1984. xxii + 343 pp., illus., appendices, biblio., index. $35)*

This volume, consisting of fourteen analytical and interpretive essays on diverse aspects of the cultural beliefs and practices of Indians of the northwest coast of America, is dedicated to Viola Garfield. Garfield's major work, her Columbia University Ph.D. dissertation, was titled Tsimshian Clan and Society, a work she completed in 1935. Thus, the book under review quite properly accents the Tsimshian, but more than half of the pages are devoted to other tribes and subjects: Haida innovation, chieftainship, linguistics; Klallam psychology; and Twana religion. The writers on the Tsimshian treat mythology, totemism, inheritance, potlatch, kinship and religion.

Contributors include some of Dr. Garfield's former students and others interested in the coastal cultures. All owe a debt to Garfield and to her colleagues of the period when field research with participants in the remnants of the aboriginal cultures was a prerequisite to ethnological reasoning and promulgation. Today, as Mary Lee Stearns expresses it, "we do not have the rich material that Garfield was able to gather from the Tsimshian during the 1930s" (p. 211). Consequently, the interpretations offered on many pages of this book derive from already published ethnographic research. For example, J. Daniel Vaughan states, in his article on the potlatch, "Much of this [sic] data comes from the work of Viola Garfield" (p. 58).

Even so, several contributors did go into the field — however late in the day — and, commendably, did not come away empty-handed. Stearns explains that even in the 1960s she "was able to collect details about the town chieftainship which may throw some light" on how "political relations reflect variations in lineage association" (p. 211).

Furthermore, some of the newly presented interpretations are the consequence of recent unearthing of previously unpublished materials by such early researchers as Marius Barbeau. The article by George F. MacDonald includes significant and fascinating reproductions of photographs taken before 1900, recently retrieved from various archives, showing "house front painting that was the finest and most elaborate of any on the Northwest Coast" (p. 109).

This book is precisely what it should be in the setting of reawakened interest in Northwest Coast Indian culture. It presents in broad perspective the varied interests and conceptions of anthropologists now devoting their talents to that field.

One quibble: on page 314, Melville Jacobs is erroneously named as the first member of the University of Washington Anthropology faculty. Rather, it was Leslie Spier. (I was his teaching assistant.)

Verne F. Ray

Verne F. Ray is a consulting anthropologist living in Port Townsend, Washington. He formerly held teaching and administrative positions at the University of Washington and Yale University. He is engaged in research on tribal history and culture involving the Seminole tribe of Florida and the native corporation of Shee Atika in Alaska.

BIG BEAR: THE END OF FREEDOM. *By Hugh A. Dempsey. (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1984. 227 pp., illus., notes, biblio., index. $22.95)*

This is a biography of a short, ugly Cree chief, or so he frequently described himself. His band was of the Plains rather than the Woods Cree, hunting and living in the area of modern Saskatchewan, Alberta and Montana. To refer to these mixed bands as "Cree" is handy but misleading, as Big Bear was at least half Ojibwa (Chippewa), and most Cree and Ojibwa bands in the West were intermeshed.

Big Bear was the civil or non-military chief of his band, and for almost twenty years prior to 1885 had proven a tough negotiator with Canadian officials. He was practically the last treaty holdout, as he saw that other bands that had signed treaties had fallen on hard times. The buffalo were disappearing and promised farming help and equipment seldom came.

When the second Riel Rebellion erupted in 1885, Big Bear's band was drawn in by events. He himself had never been comfortable with the half-breeds (a term once again in favor), yet he realized that they, too, had been ill-treated by the government. For Big Bear, the outbreak of violence diminished his influence, as Wandering Spirit, the war chief, made most decisions. At Frog Lake, Alberta, the Cree band killed and wounded more than a dozen whites, including two priests. As a result of post-Rebellion trials, Wandering Spirit was hanged and Big Bear imprisoned. The band was scattered, many of them to the Rocky Boy Reservation in Montana.

Dempsey presents several instances of language confusion that are sad reminders of cultural clash. At Frog Lake the massacre may have been started because of a misinterpretation of words (pp. 152-62). Big Bear was often quoted in the press in a negative sense because of an interpreter's misuse of the word "hang" (pp. 74-75). And where was the government? The government was a man, second in rank to the Queen, and they both lived far away, in the same village with the Hudson's Bay man, where they all got together and carved up Cree lands (p. 61). At his trial, Big Bear was accused of going "against the Queen, her crown, her dignity." Crown was mistranslated as "hat," and Big Bear angrily denied that he had tried to steal the Queen's hat (p. 185).

The first few chapters of this decent biography seem to be padding, setting the Cree scene and inserting some "would have been" chronology for Big Bear. Dempsey's comments on Louis Riel (pp. 93-94) are at variance with modern scholarship. He has Riel plotting and champing at the bit in Montana; in reality, he had to be coaxed by Gabriel Dumont to return to Canada to lead the half-breed revolt.

For the rebellion and the trials, the author used solid court testimony, some manuscripts and interesting newspaper comment. In all, this biography is an unusual look at an important Indian leader and a respectable analysis of the Plains band structure. There is no glory in this account for any branch of Canadian or British government service.

Donald Chaput

Donald Chaput is curator of history at the Natural History Museum, Los Angeles. He holds research and writing interests in mining in the Pacific Basin, Indian affairs, and military history.

THE CAVE PAINTINGS OF BAJA CALIFORNIA, revised edition. *By Harry W. Crosby. (La Jolla, CA: Copley Books, 1984. ix + 189 pp., illus., glossary, biblio., index. $27.50)*

Exploration of one of the last frontiers of the New World centered on the discovery and documentation of magnificent prehistoric rock art which is the focus of this book. Baja California has long been the foster child of North American archaeology. Harry Crosby, through his historic mule-back travels in the rugged volcanic central peninsula, literally brings to life the rich treasure houses of pictography. This one aspect of archaeology's broad realm has a very important place in our understanding of past peoples in this part of the West and in a much broader perspective.

The volume is directed at the "Great Mural" paintings as they occur within four contiguous ranges in the middle peninsula,

the Sierra de San Francisco (the core region), the Sierra de Guadalupe (the most diverse) and the Sierras de San Juan and San Borja. The volume also provides poignant discussions on the early history, environment and ethnography of the various ranges as well as informative narratives on the isolated, independent and colorful people of the mountain ranches who hold a rich history of their own.

Crosby discusses more than 150 rock art sites, most in large rockshelters or caves. The paintings are dominated by larger than life naturalistic depictions of humans, deer, mountain sheep, mountain lions, rabbits and other animals. Marine life and to a far lesser extent abstract presentations are also present. In contrast, fringe areas are dominated by colorful small naturalistic and/or abstract figures. In addition, the entire area includes numerous petroglyphs of smaller size but similar design to the "Great Mural" art as well as vulva-like forms in multitude and other figures. Petroglyphs often co-occur with the paintings.

Only a subjectively selected but nonetheless large sample of the rock art encountered is discussed in any detail and the emphasis is on what Crosby believes are the better painted sites and their highlights. Numerous other sites are predicted for each range. The author sees regional "schools" of art and offers a range of interpretations regarding their function (magico-religious), method of manufacture (various), origination (Cochimi ancestors) and age (A.D. 500-A.D. 1500).

Crosby's approach is that of an artist, a humanist. The book, directed at a general audience, is well-written in a romantic style, nicely printed and richly illustrated. There are over fifty color plates and eighty illustrations with a dozen maps. This book, while not employing a rigorous scientific approach, nor incorporating a number of recent regional archaeological studies, is nevertheless quite useful to a broad audience, to scientists, historians, artists and the general public. In its revised, expanded version this must be considered a major work.

Eric W. Ritter

Eric W. Ritter has been an instructor in anthropology at the University of California at Davis and at Riverside. Currently he is an archaeologist with the United States Department of the Interior, Bureau of Land Management, at Redding, California.

CHICANOS IN CALIFORNIA: A HISTORY OF MEXICAN AMERICANS IN CALIFORNIA. *By Albert Camarillo. (San Francisco: Boyd & Fraser Publishing Co. 1984. xii + 139 pp., preface, illus., notes, biblio., index. No price)*

Chicano historiography has come of age in the last decade or so. The first notable works on the topic, written between the wars by such authors as Paul Taylor and Carey McWilliams, were solid, sympathetic if sometimes impressionistic accounts. Later studies by insiders like George Sanchez and Ernesto Galarza added personal, human dimensions. By the 1970s and 80s; however, a flood of writings by academics such as Juan Gómez-Quiñones, Rodolfo Acuña, Mario García, Richard Griswold del Castillo, David Maciel, Arnoldo De León and Ricardo Romo included numerous well-written, thorough monographs and surveys. Notable among this recent group is Albert Camarillo, whose first-rate study *Chicanos in a Changing Society: From Mexican Pueblos to American Barrios in Santa Barbara and Southern California, 1848-1930* (1979) and the brief book under review illustrate his talents as a diligent researcher and thoughtful historian.

Chicanos in California is intended as a brief overview of Mexicans and Mexican Americans in California from the earliest Spanish settlements to the 1980s. As a selection in the Golden State Series, Camarillo's study is a 140-page synthesis based primarily on articles, monographs, unpublished dissertations and preliminary work in oral histories and memoirs. Like other volumes in the series, this book is meant "to be suggestive rather than exhaustive, interpretive rather than definitive" (p. vi). The author devotes two of his six chapters to the nineteenth century, the remaining four to the twentieth century, and closes with a brief epilogue entitled "Mexican Americans in the 1980s."

The author's use of demographic evidence, his discussions of Chicanos, and his depictions of complex change and continuity over time are particularly noteworthy. Aptly utilizing population trends and immigration statistics, Camarillo demonstrates how these shifts influenced Chicano residential and occupational patterns, Anglo attitudes and governmental policies. He is particularly intrigued with Chicano voluntary organizations and relationships between these groups and varying socioeconomic behavior patterns among Mexican Americans.

As a new social historian, Camarillo stresses societal dimensions of his subject and seems much less interested in humanistic concerns. His discussions of Chicano literature, religion, newspapers and Chicano arts, while useful, are extraordinary brief and general. Even his comments on education are tied to social, not cultural, concerns.

Altogether, though, this abbreviated, interpretive overview is very helpful. Clear-eyed, well organized and balanced, *Chicanos in California* provides a thoughtful, well written and evaluative account of an important topic. In addition to supplying general readers and scholars with a summary and analysis, the volume substantiates Camarillo's deservedly high ranking among historians in the field and whets one's appetite for his forthcoming study of Chicano urban history.

Richard W. Etulain

Richard W. Etulain is professor of history at the University of New Mexico. His most recent books are Conversations with Wallace Stegner on Western History and Literature, Western Films: A Brief History, *and* Faith and Imagination: Essays on Evangelicals and Literature. *In the fall of 1985 he will be Hilliard Distinguished Professor of Humanities at the University of Nevada, Reno.*

PANCHO VILLA AND JOHN REED: TWO FACES OF ROMANTIC REVOLUTION. *By Jim Tuck. (Tucson: The University of Arizona Press, 1984. x + 252 pp., illus., biblio., index. $16.95)*

Comparing Pancho Villa and John Reed at first seems preposterous, and it is to Jim Tuck's credit that he is able to convince the reader that there is merit in pursuing this exercise. Of course, the two protagonists suggest radicalism in almost every way. Tuck demonstrates considerable enthusiasm at his task; and he is successful to some degree. Differences between the two men are pointed out readily; the reader is spared what would be a foolhardy endeavor otherwise. Nevertheless, the book's success is measured more by what it stimulates in the reader than by what it promises and satisfies. One is left yearning for the cold hard facts of Reed's encounter with Villa; one wishes to know what happened when they

finally met, rather than so much of what happened to each man years before and years after they came together in common cause in the Mexican Revolution.

Villa's revolutionary career is explored in particularly excruciating detail. Seemingly every guerrilla and battlefield encounter is mentioned. Still, the bloodthirsty, marauding, bandit image of Pancho Villa is downplayed; his talent as a revolutionary theoretician is developed convincingly. Further, the benevolent Villa is identified: pro-literacy and public education, prescriber of veteran industrial colonies, and sometimes blind worshipper of his intellectual superiors. There is a clearly identifiable soft spot in the old ruffian's heart.

As for Reed, a good deal of attention is paid to his talents as an organization man in Communist party operations. Still, Tuck leaves the reader with the idea that Reed was the undeserving victim of a couple of nasty personalities that foiled what would have been an extraordinarily successful revolutionary. He was remarkably successful except for one weakness, that is, he was a terrible theoretician, and thereby was doomed to revolutionary failure in any case.

The best part of the book may be the last couple of lines, in which Tuck writes that Villa's and Reed's "enduring achievement was the extent to which they made revolution a metaphor for romance" (p.220). Would that the author had written this at the beginning of the book, for the reader might have decoded the message in time to appreciate the book even more.

Janet R. Fireman

Janet Fireman is an associate curator of cultural history at the Los Angeles County Museum of Natural History. Her interests center on British and Spanish rivalry in North America and eighteenth-century Spanish southwest history and exploration.

TUCSON, THE LIFE AND TIMES OF AN AMERICAN CITY. *By C.L. Sonnichsen. (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1982. pp. xiv + 369 pp., illus., notes, index. $29.95)*

Leland Sonnichsen, "the ambidextrous historian," has done it again. The grand old young man (he turned 83 on September 20, 1984) of southwestern history has worked his sleight-of-hand to dazzle yet another constituency of readers.

Tucson, the Life and Times of an American City, Sonnichsen's twentieth book, shows us additional dimensions of his comprehensive and contemporary awareness. Combining his lively, direct and readable style with a never-flagging sensitivity to historical substance, he takes advantage of the now fifteen-year-old wave of urban studies and urban west scholarship. This work shows us that time can improve the body, quality and taste of a good vintage. Sonnichsen gives us a cogent, lively and upbeat yet cautionary treatment of Arizona's oldest city.

Describing Tucson as a "precarious paradise," Sonnichsen articulates at the outset the carpetbaggers' dangerous ambivalence toward the "Old Pueblo": on the one hand these refugees (escapees?) seek a new life free from the congestion, crime and cold of the frost belt, but when they get to Tucson they immediately want to remake it to resemble Peoria or Buffalo or, even, Los Angeles. Just as water seeks its own level, so does the quality of life in America seek a national equilibrium of pollution, unsafe streets and ugly urban landscapes.

After a few words on the prehistory of the area, Sonnichsen sets upon a chronological description of Tucson's human habitation. Starting with the Spanish, decade by decade, he traces the rise of Anglo pop-

ulation and power. Sonnichsen knows his readership, and he focuses on people and public action. Details about economic and political growth are sparse; colorful biographical synopses dominate. Action in Tucson's public streets prevails over exposés and analyses of private boardrooms and country clubs.

His treatment of nineteenth century Tucson, in words and orientation, emphasizes the cliché. "Renegades and desperadoes" and other romance narration dominate, but to his credit, Sonnichsen makes clear that after 1900, the frontier behind them, Tucsonans saw themselves and their future as an integral part of the American mainstream. In politics and technology, civic pride and entrepreneurship, Tucson became part of the American homogeneity. Sonnichsen calls the 1920s Tucson's "Gold Plated Decade." Like the rest of the country, Tucson went to war in 1917 and 1941 and endured the depression miseries of the '30s.

As to Tucson's cultural history, Sonnichsen shows a good balance. He reveals that the Hispanic influence, although present and even at times profound, has not been dominant, but, rather, is commercialistic and, overall, superficial. Tucson, he tells us, is primarily an Anglo metropolis. Sonnichsen does mix, very unselectively, cultural contributions of wide talents and influence. He treats movie stars and potboiler writers and other pop culture folks no differently than he treats those people with more significant and enduring talents. He demonstrates, accurately, that Tucson's cultural activities are much greater than the rest of Arizona combined (including Phoenix). Indeed, it is safe to say that in recent years Tucson has replaced Santa Fe as the Southwest's cultural hub. His comprehensive view does not neglect, fortunately, such important cultural figures as Tucson's *grande dame* Isabella Greenway, writer Charles Finney and architect Josias Joesler.

Sonnichsen is no Pollyanna; he is courageous and wise enough to end his book with a clear warning. While he gives the snowbirds, retirees and even the indigenous the gossip and sensationalism which they crave, he does not avoid, in the critical last pages, the dangers of growth and ecological abuse. Sonnichsen has listened carefully to such environmentalists as Charles Bowden and Edward Abbey and he relays their warnings.

Due to popular prejudices of the time, it took Leland Sonnichsen eight years to get his revisionist work, *Billy King's Tombstone*, published. His maturation has taught him, among many other things, where his readership lies. *Tucson, the Life and Times of an American City*, responds well to that knowledge.

James W. Byrkit

James W. Byrkit is a professor of history at Northern Arizona University. His book Forging the Copper Collar *was selected by the Tucson newspaper* Arizona Daily Star *as "Best Southwest Book of 1982." He is a frequent contributor to western journals.*

PACIFIC BOOKSHELF

Concise reports on interesting publications

WOMEN

AMERICAN INDIAN WOMEN: TELLING THEIR LIVES. *By Gretchen M. Bataille and Kathleen Mullen Sands. (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1984. ix + 209 pp. $18.95)* Autobiographies of Indian women are analyzed by the authors, professors of English. The examination, transcending the anthropological which typically has been the approach, relates Native American autobiographies to those by Blacks, as well as to captivity narratives. The authors argue convincingly against the generally accepted impression that the role of Indian women was insignificant and not unlike a beast of burden. Native cultures throughout the United States have been considered in this study, which includes the Cheyenne, Arapaho, Ojibwa, Papago, Pima, Hopi, Winnebago, Zuni, Diegueno, Pomo and other peoples. Sadly, the volume is not illustrated beyond the dust jacket. The index is also limited in scope.

UNDER A STRONG WIND: THE ADVENTURE OF JESSIE BENTON FREMONT. *By Dorothy Nafus Morrison. (New York: Atheneum, 1983. vii + 176 pp. $10.95)* With several publication projects behind her, including three biographies, Dorothy N. Morrison now develops the "women behind the great man" theme. A different perspective is given to the already well-known career of John C. Fremont. Jessie B. Fremont's involvement in her husband's work, both successes and failures, is explored in depth. Much information about California is included. The volume is well illustrated with period graphics from diverse sources.

REBEL FOR RIGHTS: ABIGAIL SCOTT DUNIWAY. *By Ruth Barnes Moynihan. (New Haven, CT: Yale University Press, 1983. xv + 273 pp. $19.95)* Forty-two years of work by Abigail Scott Duniway, suffragist, journalist, lecturer and leader are explored in detail. Considerable information on Oregon is presented in this work which describes Duniway's life from girlhood to advanced age. Her penchant for controversy is thoroughly developed as are the many issues she championed and the influence she had on others. Those interested in conditions of nineteenth century urban residential districts, industrialization, immigrant groups and in post-Civil War political and social commentary will also find this book useful. Duniway's attitudes, ideas and approach seem timeless, as useful today as they were in her era.

COWGIRLS: WOMEN OF THE AMERICAN WEST. *By Teresa Jordan. (New York: Doubleday/Anchor Press, 1984. xxxi + 301 pp. $19.95 cloth, $10.95 paper)* Representing much of the American West, this volume by Teresa Jordan is devoted to the female counterpart of the cowboy. Stories of these women span the nineteenth century to the 1980s; over thirty are included. They introduce the reader to the women of the homesteads, ranches, rodeos and movies. An impressive collection of photographs and other graphics illustrate all aspects of this work.

WOMEN'S FILM AND FEMALE EXPERIENCE: 1940-1950. *By Andrea S. Walsh. (New York: Praeger Special Studies, 1984. viii + 257 pp. $22.95)* How "women's films" affected female consciousness in America in the 1940s is the theme of this book by Andrea Walsh. Social history is to be found here. The twenty motion pictures selected reflect issues such as career conflicts and motherhood, and emotions such as suspicion and distrust. The book casts a wide net and includes areas such as film criticism, audience responses, movie production itself, influences upon the war economy, homelife and social changes at the end of the war. This is a genuine contribution in an area that has been neglected up to now.

INDIANS

INDIANS OF NORTH AMERICA: METHODS AND SOURCES FOR LIBRARY RESEARCH. *By Marilyn L. Haas. (Hamden, CT: Library Professional Publications/Shoe String Press Inc., 1983. xii + 163 pp. $21.50)* Intended as a reference librarian's tool, but directed to a wider audience, this work treats subjects, heading and classification systems, tools for searching dictionaries, on-line data bases, and government documents, among other topics. This is, largely, an annotated bibliography of books published since 1970 about a wide variety of Native American topics with an unannotated bibliography of sources on specific tribes. A comprehensive listing of specific source materials is a very strong point. This title will be useful to students needing information on research methodology.

SCHOLARS AND THE INDIAN EXPERIENCE: CRITICAL REVIEW OF RECENT WRITING IN THE SOCIAL SCIENCES. *Edited by W.R. Swagerty. (Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1984. x + 268 pp. $22.50 cloth, $9.95 paper)* Placing the American Indian into his own history and that of the United States as a whole is the basic theme of this collection. Overemphasis upon Euroamerican influence, in which Indians have often been treated as minor characters, was the catalyst for this work. Composed of a series of essays by leading authorities, these writings often update previous work published in this Newberry Library series. The ten essays treat the following: Native American population, Spanish-Indian relations, Colonial Anglo-Indian relations, Indian-White relations, Federal Indian policy in the twentieth century, contemporary American Indians, Native Americans and the environment, tribal histories, and the fur trade and the Indian.

INDIAN COUNTRY. *By Peter Matthiessen. (New York: Viking Press, 1984. xii + 338 pp. $17.95)* How the Indians looked upon the land spiritually is the focus of author Peter Matthiessen. Specific examples of divergent Indian-White philosophies are developed through the background of the American West and the Plains. In many instances the text is the actual words of Indian people.

THE SIXTH GRANDFATHER: BLACK ELK'S TEACHINGS GIVEN TO JOHN G. NEIHARDT. *Edited by Raymond J. DeMallie. (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1984. xxix + 452 pp. $19.95)* Well-known Lakota spiritual leader Black Elk, a Catholic, was interviewed in 1931 and 1944. This is the transcript translated from Oglala. Not only are his visions and other spiritual matters included but, also, there is much on the history of the Black Hills from an Indian viewpoint; visits to a cavalry outpost, the Custer battle, medicinal rituals, naming of the rivers, and Indian relationships to animals, among other subjects.

CANOE: A HISTORY OF THE CRAFT FROM PANAMA TO THE ARCTIC. *By Kenneth G. Roberts and Philip Shackleton. (Camden, ME: International Marine Publishing Co., 21 Elm Street, 04843, 1983. viii + 279 pp. $50)* The canoe as a mode of transportation is explored in depth through the cultures of North America, Mexico, Central America and the Caribbean. From simple floats of the Caribbean to distinctive kayaks of Arctic waters, and the fabled birchbark crafts of Eastern Woodlands, the authors introduce the reader to that world. Native art and drawings of explorer-artists have been skillfully used to illustrate the text.

MARITIME HISTORY

THE ASPINWALL EMPIRE. *By Duncan S. Somerville. (Mystic, CT: Mystic Seaport Museum, Inc., xi + 129 pp. $12)* Many significant subjects of the 1840s-1860s are linked here through a chronicle of enterprising transportation tycoon, William H. Aspinwall and his descendants. Attention is focused on American shipbuilding, famous vessels like the *Sea Witch* and *California*, major companies like Pacific Mail and the Panama Railroad, and shipping in the United States during the Civil War. The book offers a fine opportunity to learn of the beginnings of regular passenger transportation around the Horn and across the Isthmus to California and Oregon. This publication is a real contribution as little has been written on the all-important Pacific Mail Steamship Company due to a paucity of material and the scattered nature of what does exist. Unfortunately, while there was space in the book for a listing of works of art in the Aspinwall Collection, there was none for an index.

THE PORT OF LOS ANGELES: FROM WILDERNESS TO WORLD PORT. *By Charles F. Queenan. (San Pedro, CA: Los Angeles Harbor Department, 1983. 206 pp. $35)* The development over 450 years of an unlikely, tiny harbor into an international port is the emphasis of this work published in honor of the seventy-fifth anniversary of the official founding of the Port of Los Angeles. Now one of the largest man-made harbors in the world, a tremendous trade exists in incoming lumber and outgoing oil and military cargoes, as well as other commodities, all of which are described. The demands of various eras, geographical influence, and economic interests are explored and summarized in this attractive volume.

SCHOONER FROM WINDWARD: TWO CENTURIES OF HAWAIIAN INTERISLAND SHIPPING. *By Mifflin Thomas. (Honolulu: University Press of Hawaii, 1983. 289 pp. $21.95)* Sturdy ships and men operating among the Hawaiian Islands are the subjects of this book by Mifflin Thomas. A treacherous business even into the 1930s, small sailing vessels and steamers challenged dangerous winds, waves and tricky port approaches. Much history of Hawaii is intertwined in this book including politics, the sugar boom and the beginning of the tourist industry. Fleet transition from native canoes through modern tugs and barges is described. The in-depth research is nicely organized and published in a particularly attractive format.

EARLY MARITIME ARTISTS OF THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST COAST: 1741-1841. *By John Frazier Henry. (Seattle: University of Washington Press, 1984. xii + 240 pp. $29.95)* Explorations into the wilderness of the Northwest were frequently graphically depicted, and this is the first book solely about such artists. Favorite subjects were the native people, their villages and, of course, the sailing vessels involved in these expeditions. Many lesser known explorers are included — from the United States, Spain, England, France and Russia. The region covered is Alaska, Vancouver Island, the British Columbia coast and the Pacific Northwest. One hundred and seventy-three scenes and accompanying history, including biographical sketches of fifty artists, comprise this work by John Frazier Henry.

BATTLESHIP COUNTRY: THE BATTLE FLEET AT SAN PEDRO — LONG BEACH, CALIFORNIA — 1919-1940. *By Harvey M. Beigel. (Missoula, MT: Pictorial Histories Publishing Co., 1983. iv + 72 pp. $6.95)* Pacific fleet history is chronicled during the years before it was transferred and largely destroyed at Pearl Harbor. The narrative is geared to interest enthusiasts of the Navy as well as residents of San Pedro and vicinity. This should be considered, largely, a pictorial history.

LITERATURE

WRITERS OF THE PURPLE SAGE. *(Tucson Public Library. Five portfolios with cassettes.)* These portfolios are designed to inspire those planning book discussions, public programs or working with individuals interested in the literature of the southwest. The five contain diverse resources: essays by present-day scholars, facsimiles and excerpts from the literature of the era and reproductions of period graphics for use in display or in discussions. One portfolio contains four cassette tapes bringing to life, with a varying degree of success, aspects of the history of the Southwest, including Pancho Villa. A bonus of this resource is its detailed information on how to plan, publicize and conduct public programs both within an institution as well as on tour to historic regions.

STATE MAPS ON FILE — WEST. *(New York: Facts On File Publications, 460 Park Avenue South, 10016, 1984. No price)* Presented in a loose leaf format, this series of western states maps are ready to reproduce. There are up to twenty clear cut, black line, 8½ x 11″ maps of Alaska, California, Hawaii, Idaho, Oregon and Washington. Included are modern-day subjects (counties and county seats, legislative districts, and agricultural and timber resources, federal land) along with the historical matter (Indian tribes before settlement, American exploration, early settlements and routes, and mining regions). Permission is given to reproduce these maps for non-profit purposes through a special certificate. Such a resource will be very useful for a variety of purposes.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

IRON MEN AND COPPER WIRES: A CENTENNIAL HISTORY OF THE SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA EDISON COMPANY. *By William A. Myers. (Corona Del Mar, CA: Trans-Anglo Books, Box 38, 92625, 1984. 256 pp. $13.95 paper)* The development of much of Southern California is linked to electricity, and main themes of this era are presented here. The text begins with the earliest efforts in building power plants, establishing electric railway lines, and serving mining companies, and moves on to discuss agricultural ramifications, investor and government owned utilities, droughts, Colorado River projects, World War II and postwar technological advance. All of this narrative is laced with a discussion of early technology for readers who love old machinery. This is a beautifully designed publication.

PLEIN AIR PAINTERS OF CALIFORNIA: THE SOUTHLAND. *By Ruth Libby Westphal. (Irvine, CA: Westphal Publishing, P.O. Box 19542, 92713, 1982. x + 218 pp. $75)* This is the first of two or three projected volumes on this school of "open air" artists which was active from circa 1890-1940. Only those artists residing in the vicinity of Los Angeles, Laguna Beach and San Diego are included in this segment. Both prominent artists such as William Wendt, George Gardner Symons, and Guy Rose are included along with those who are lesser known. Biographies and illustrations of the works (many in color) comprise the bulk of this handsome volume which is also supplemented by essays from some of the most knowledgeable California art historians.

OFF THE MAIN ROAD: SAN VICENTE & BARONA. *By Charles R. LeMenager (Ramona, CA: Eagle Peak Publishing Co., P.O. Box 1283, 92065, 1983. 188 pp. $7.95 paper)* The San Vicente Valley of San Diego County was sparsely populated even in very recent times, but now the scene has changed with condominiums, golf courses and tennis courts. A rather complete history is presented in this modest book encompassing native inhabitants, Mexican land grants, land speculation, mineral deposits, pioneer ranchers and development of the 1970s.

THE REEL WEST. *Edited by Bill Pronzini and Martin H. Greenberg. (New York: Doubleday & Company, 1984. ix + 177 pp. $11.95)* An author and his story are often behind a successful Hollywood production. Seldom is there a convenient source of these original inspirations but this is the content of *The Reel West*. The "stuff" from which film classics have sprung is reprinted here — the stories that led to "The Texan," "Fort Apache," "High Noon," "Tennessee's Partner" and others.

FILM BEFORE GRIFFITH. *Edited by John L. Fell. (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1983. xii + 395 pp. $24.50 cloth, $10.95 paper)* It is becoming clear that the history of the movie industry needs to be rewritten and the task is attracting highly trained scholars. Through their work, which often draws from previously untapped sources, a new impression of the early years of the industry is beginning to develop. This anthology makes more accessible some of this information and it dispels long-accepted conclusions about the industry. We read of very early film production and showings in Texas, Canada and Australia. The subject is presented through selected early companies, film makers, screenings, methods of distribution to theaters, copyright law, and theater audiences, among other topics.

FAST AND FURIOUS: THE STORY OF AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL PICTURES. *By Mark Thomas McGee. (Jefferson, NC: McFarland & Company, Inc., Box 611, 28640, 1984. xv + 264 pp. $17.95)* Through interviews with both founders of this company, the history of American International Pictures unfolds. While never producing a classic, they were successful and reflected major trends in the industry and the cultural values of the nation. Their era was 1954-1979 when the industry was grappling with the influence of television. Horror, science fiction and comedy directed to the juvenile viewer were the specialties. Quality was not necessarily important — speed of production was!

WILL ROGERS — A BIO-BIBLIOGRAPHY. *By Peter C. Rollins. (Westport, CT: Greenwood Press, 1984. xiii + 282 pp. $35)* The story of Will Rogers, the nation's highest paid film and radio personality in his time, is presented here. Not only is his show business career included, but also his work in journalism and accomplishments in politics. Ten years work has produced a book that brings considerable new understanding of this legendary American figure. An extensive, annotated chronology and bibliography of his films, recordings, and archives across the nation complete the book.

TEXAS

An enormous number of books on Texas state and local history have been recently published. These include some all-encompassing titles like BASIC TEXAS BOOKS: AN ANNOTATED BIBLIOGRAPHY OF SELECTED WORKS FOR A RESEARCH LIBRARY *by John H. Jenkins (Austin, TX: Jenkins Publishing Co., Box 2085, 76768, 1983. xi + 648 pp. $65)* which is a monumental annotated bibliography of 224 books which are described in remarkable detail including comment on accuracy; over two hundred Texas bibliographies are also included with critical comment. The important role of Texas in national politics is treated in depth in HOOD, BONNET, AND LITTLE BROWN JUG: TEXAS POLITICS, 1921-1928 *by Norman D. Brown (College Station: Texas A & M University Press, 1984. xiv + 368 pp. $29.50).* Much attention is given the KKK, prohibition, and other issues of the era based upon extensive research among the papers of state political leaders. A publication of the old and distinguished Texas Folklore Society, T FOR TEXAS: A STATE FULL OF FOLKLORE *edited by Francis Edward Abernethy (Dallas, TX: E-Heart Press, Inc., 3700 Mockingbird Lane, 75205, 1982. xiii + 277 pp. $15.95)* is worthy of note. It offers material on diverse regions and subjects such as school teachers, beer, peyote, courthouses and prisons. Not quite folklore are the published recollections of old timers represented in THE LAST CAMPFIRE: THE LIFE STORY OF TED GRAY, A WEST TEXAS RANCHER *by Barney Nelson (College Station: Texas A & M University Press, 1984. xvi + 171 pp. $12.50).* Much commentary about 1930s Depression hardships can be found here. Lesser known than ranching is lumbering which is treated in SAW DUST EMPIRE: THE TEXAS LUMBER INDUSTRY, 1830-1940 *by Robert S. Maxwell and Robert D. Baker (College Station: Texas A & M University Press, 1983. xv + 228 pp. $24.95),* a pioneering book on the first major manufacturing enterprise in Texas. Its beginnings, flush times, and state and national significance of pine and hardwood operations are developed. Considerable material is also presented on conservation efforts and World War I shipbuilding along with some attention to Blacks in the industry. The work incorporates a good measure of oral history and was in process for over twenty years.

Local histories abound for Texas and among recent arrivals is GALVESTON: ELLIS ISLAND OF THE WEST *by Bernard Marinbach (Albany: State University of New York Press, 1983. xx + 240 pp. $14.95).* The role this city had in Jewish immigration from Germany and Russia in the early twentieth century is well developed. These immigrants were part of the Galveston Movement, the only organized program for bringing Jews to the United States at this time. An anthology, HOUSTON: A TWENTIETH CENTURY URBAN FRONTIER, *edited by Francisco A. Rosales and Barry J. Kaplan (Port Washington, NY: Associated Faculty Press, 1983. xiv + 208 pp. $18.75)* examines the rivalry between Houston and Galveston plus other topics. These include labor unions, Blacks, Mexican immigrants, law enforcement 1878-1928, and the Red Scare. A fine contribution to the literature of early settlement in the Southwest is A BORDERLANDS TOWN IN TRANSITION: LAREDO, 1755-1870 *by Gilberto Miguel Hinojosa (College Station: Texas A & M University Press, 1983. xviii + 148 pp. $10.95).* Efforts by Spain and Mexico to tame this region were undermined by American annexation. Emphasis is placed upon the dynamics of population change in the settlement and its adjustment to the sovereignties of Spain, Mexico, the United States, the Confederacy, and the United States once again. The approach developed here may help interpret the histories of communities in neighboring regions. The text was developed thorough extensive research into vast primary source materials. A substantial publication that develops an aspect of "the bad old days" is THE GENTLEMEN'S CLUB: THE STORY OF PROSTITUTION IN EL PASO *by H. Gordon Frost (El Paso, TX: Mangan Books, 6245 Snow Heights Court, 79912, 1983. 336 pp. $29.95).* The subject is treated from frontier days to modern times. The text is based upon interviews with fifty former and modern prostitutes as well as thorough research in newspapers, police and court records.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

November 14-17, 1985. OLD SOUTHWEST/NEW SOUTHWEST conference, Westward Look Resort, Tucson, Arizona. Open to the public, a conference of writers and scholars interested in modern Southwestern literature, history and film. Sponsored by the Tucson Public Library and the National Endowment for the Humanities. For more information, contact Judy Lensink, Tucson Public Library, P.O. Box 27470, Tucson, AZ 85726-7470.

The James Jerome Hill Reference Library has announced that it will award a number of research grants of up to $2,000 to support scholarly research in the James J. Hill Papers. The deadline for applications is December 1, 1985. Grants may be awarded for any time in calendar 1986. For more information, contact W. Thomas White, Curator, James Jerome Hill Reference Library, Fourth & Market Streets, St. Paul, MN 55102.

The Robinson Jeffers Tor House Foundation announces the forthcoming 100th anniversary celebration of the birth of Robinson Jeffers. The Foundation is planning a number of activities to mark the event. For information, contact George L. White, President, Robinson Jeffers Tor House Foundation, P.O. Box 1887, Carmel, CA 93921.

The Jedediah Smith Society announces the publication of *Monuments to Jedediah Smith*, an illustrated text by Raymund F. Wood of Jedediah Smith historical monuments. $10 per copy, $8 for Society members, plus tax and postage, published by the Jedediah Smith Society, in care of the University of the Pacific, Stockton, CA 95211.